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CORN SHOW PROGRAM ARRANGED

Will Include a Number of Speakers of National Repute

SCHOOLS TAKE INTEREST

County Superintendent Simpson will Have Charge of the School Department Short Course

The Corn Exposition and Short Course to be held at Libertyville, on January 12 to 17 in connection with the farm improvement work now carried on in Lake County is patterned very closely after the National Corn Exposition, and promises to be about the largest exposition of its kind ever held in this state. The program is practically arranged now, and many men of national repute are to be in attendance. One of the latest additions to the staff of speakers is Mr. B. F. Harris of Champaign, Ill. Mr. Harris is a banker in his home town, and has the distinction of being the first to engage in the County farm improvement work in this country. He is also chairman of Agricultural Commission of the American Banker association.

A number of exhibits of manufacturers articles, fertilizers, etc., have been arranged for. Each exhibit will have an attendant who will be very glad to explain in detail their particular commodity to all. Some 200 samples of corn, oats and other seed have been promised by farmers in the county as well as an exhibit complete from each district school. The management of exposition have expressed extreme reluctance in announcing the prizes to be contributed, but one man who was consulted a short time ago stated that they were the most munificent ever offered even at a state fair.

On the school days, superintendent of instruction, J. C. Blair and many other prominent speakers will give talks. Mr. Blair is one of the most forceful speakers on school work in the United States, and everyone interested in school work should plan to be in attendance on this day and hear him.

Mr. T. A. Simpson, superintendent of schools, has charge of the school department short course, and is sparing no effort to make it the strongest department of the short course. These days are Thursday and Friday of the week, and many novel features by way of entertainment and instruction are promised by Mr. Simpson. A number of schools are holding preliminary corn shows in order to pick the best sample of corn to send in, and the competition in the school department promises to be extremely close and exciting. Many teachers have planned to bring their whole school for the day, in order that all the students may secure the instruction given.

BULLET TO STAY IN MAN'S SIDE REST OF HIS LIFE

Joseph Engler, the Rosecrans man who was shot a week ago when a gun in the hands of a small boy was accidently discharged, will carry a bullet in his side as long as he lives.

This fact developed Saturday, when after the taking of an x-ray photograph the bullet was located in the wall of the right lung. The ball worked down into the plural cavity on the right side. It is not in a position to bother the man, nor is likely to cause infection to set in. Dr. Brown decided that it would be useless to probe for the ball, as this would necessitate cutting into the lung cavity and might result in serious complications.

Mr. Engler went to his home Sunday the first time since the accident. He is feeling in the best of health and has suffered little the worse off because of the incidence.

BOARD DECISION IS FAL

Dady Says That Appeal to the Courts Would Avail Nothing

Lake county farmers who in arms recently when it became wn that the State Board of Equ ion had arbitrarily raised the t on farm lands 30 per cent, will to "pay up and keep still," Ther thing else to do. Appeals to the rts will avail nothing and litigation re fore is useless, according to stat torney Dady, who Saturday ng said to the supervisors:

"I am of the opinion that the on of the State Board of Equaliza in raising or lowering taxes, is fina e only way it can attacked is e grounds that the raise was m y fraud, a very easy charge to m t hard to prove. The fact the board's reasoning and theorizin y have been unjust is no ground a court action. Fraud is the on is for an action I don't think y has evidence to indicate fraud w mitted"

"Looks to me that the only g for Lake county farmers to do is y up and keep still," said the Elde ton of Lake Villa.

"That's about the size of it cluded Mr. Dady.

WORKMAN IS INSTANTLY KILLED AT RONDO

Frank Tomoski, 37 years old, a er engaged in installing a big pipe under the railroad tracks at out, was instantly killed Wednes last week when he stepped out way of a freight train on the east track into the path of a fast pas train on the west bound track roar of the approaching freight drowned out the sound of a w whistle sounded by the engineer passenger train.

A large well is being dug at Ro which will supply the trains wi ter. From this well a pipe was extended to a point in the center railroad tracks so that trains ca cure water with the least possible ble. The water pipe was being placewhen the accident happened. curred in front of the depot.

Tomoswki saw the freight tra proaching as he was facing it a stead of getting down from the he stepped over onto the other thinking he would wait there unt freight had passed. He did not the trouble to see that the other was clear. His friends shouted to but he did not hear them. The moment he was hurled into eternity body was badly crushed.

GLADSTONE DOWIE IS ORDAINED AN EPISCOPAL MINIST

A. J. Gladstone Dowie, son of founder of Zion City was ordained an Episcopal minister at St. Lu church, Evanston, Sunday. Dr. G Toll, suffragan bishop of Chicago, formed the ceremony.

The Rev. Mr. Dowie is a graduate the law department of the Univer of Chicago and of the Western Th logical seminary. He was a deacon St. Jude's mission in South Chicago several years while pursuing his stud He will become rector of the mission

Among the wittnesses of the ce mony was Mrs. Jane Dowie, mother Rev. Dowie. She is a member of Episcopal communion, having joined since her hnsband's death.

SINE DAMAGE SUIT IN CIRCUIT COURT THIS WEE

The first of the four damage suit against the city of Waukegan, as th result of an accident which ensue when an automobile collided with a obstruction in the street, is being hear this week.

It is the case of Henry Sine who ask $10,000 damages on the grounds tha his injuries have prevented him fro carrying on his business.

The work of selecting the jury is progressing slowly and up to the pre sent time only eight have been chosen. Much care is being taken in the selec tion of these men. The attorneys plac ing each man on record as being in fa vor of a law which requires that a city shall keep its streets free from obstruc tion from curb to curb. Three other suits resulting from the same accident will follow, Mrs. Edward Ferry, Jas. Ferry and John Neal being the plaintiffs.

MRS. LORD ASKS FOR DAMAGES

Sues Miss Reed for $25,000 for Alienation of her Husband's Affections

THE FARM IS ATTACHED

Trial Is Expected to be Somewhat of a Sensational Nature and is Awaited With Keen Interest

One of the most sensational cases of the kind that has eves been heard in Lake County Circuit Court is on the call for this weeks's session in which the question is to be decided by jury whether William F. Lord, known as "Billy" Lord' permitted one Genevieve Reed of New York to alienate his affections to such an extent that he abandoned his wife and family and gave her untold riches, including a $20,000 farm near Lake Villa.

Miss Reed is now living in the eastern metropolis but will be in Waukegan this week to defend the suit in which Mrs Lord has asked $25,000 from her on the grounds of having alienated her husband's affections.

Lord's death at Miss Reed's home in the east five years ago brought out the fact that the traffic manager of the railroad had been living under an alias, for at her home and about the community, he was known as W. F. Adams. Mrs. Lord claimed to have no knowledge that he had any associations with Miss Reed, her first knowledge being when she discovered the fact that Lord had deeded a valuable farm near Lal e Villa to Miss Reed. It was then, about three years ago, that Mrs. Lord sued Miss Reed in circuit court to regain title to the farm in question, claiming that it was part of Lord's estate and that Miss Reed had no right to it. Judge Charles Whitney, in circuit court, ordered Miss Reed to return the farm to Mrs. Lord. Miss Reed through attorney Beaubien, appealed to the supreme court and that body upheld the title as given to Miss Reed, giving her clear ownership to the property.

Beaten in her suit to recover the farm, Mrs. Lord at once filed a damage suit through Cooke, Pope & Pope and it is now to be brought to trial. The Lord-Reed matter attracted attention during the farm litigation not only of county conrts and railroad men, but at the time, government officials watched intently in expectation of locating railroad rebating on Lord's part. That the alienation suit should be brought in Lake county when none of the parties interested are residents of the state, but live in distant places, is ther unusual. It was made possible through the fact that Mrs. Lord's counsel, when they started the suit for lienation of affections, at once obtained an attachment on the farm in question to permit collection of judgment in case she should win it in the nation suit. Therefore the farm may stands under court protection ding developments in this suit.

AIRYMEN FROM LAKE COUNTY TO BACK PROTEST

Lake county dairymen are the fore- of a movement to fight in the edict of Governor Dunne forbids the importation of dairy into Lake county and the state Wisconsin and 18 other states January 1. The law in reality es the anti-tuberculin for all shipped into the state and is the against which local dairymen been fighting for years. Ed. ff led their fight before and was sful in having the anti-tuberculin discarded on the ground that it nothing.

rding to the Lake county men re working in conjunction with nois Milk Producers' Association e is to be lost in getting the into the courts where a hard will be fought to have Governor s edic thrown out.

KERR JOINS RACING TEAM

Will Leave For Memphis, Tennessee, Some Time Next Month

TWO FROM COUNTY JOIN

Pope will Drive Ninety-Horse Power Knox and Kerr will Drive a High Powered Stutts.

Ray Kerr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Kerr of Lake Villa has joined an automobile racing team and about the tenth of next month will leave for Memphis, Tenn., where the series of contests the team will participate in are scheduled to take place,

The team of which he has become a member is the Staver-Chicago racing team, in which there are five other members. John Pope, son of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Pope of Waukegan, is also included among them. Thus there are two Lake County boys among the aggregation which expects to do some fast driving in the south during the winter season.

Pope is to drive a 9-horse power Knox auto while Kerr will drive a high power Stutts.

The two Lake county young men have been at Fort Atkinson, Wis, for two weeks past where the team was made up and to show his ability as a driver, Pope drove the big cars from that place to Chicago and the manager liked the work so well that he closed a contract with him for the winter season.

The young men expect to have a great time, for the team travels on a special Pullman car, their autos going with them on the trains wherever they go. They are thus given the best kind of treatment and if they get away from accidents on the tracks, why they'll have a fine time during the winter.

Pope says he expects to be back to Waukegan in the spring as his contract runs merely for the winter racing season.

The young men are to be paid good salaries besides their expenses and as the Staver-Chicago team is recognized as one of the best on the road, their social life will be worth while.

The team expects to take in all the racing contests in the south and there are some fast ones there each season.

Accordingly, it is expected to hear that either one or both of the Lake county young men will be making some records within the next few months.

COMMITTEE HAS BEEN NAMED BY COUNTY

A committee in charge of the making of plans for the county's operation of the Lake Breeze Tuberculosis colony has been appointed and will meet on next Friday at 10 o'clock to discuss the situation. Those named on the committee are:

H. C. W. Meyer of Freemont.
James F. King, of Lake Forest.
John T. Emmons of Waukegan.
Miss Anna Morgan.

Miss Morgan is to be the head nurse at the institution and it is said that she is at present in Naperville awaiting a call to Waukegan. Just what plans are to be made by the committee at meeting on Friday is hard to say at present. The county is not in possession of the colony as yet and until the deed is given over it will be difficult for any decided action to be taken by the new authorities. It is said that the step to be taken by the committee will be the taking of a complete inventory of every thing at the institution will be taken.

DISCUSS FERTILIZATION

Value of Various Fertilizers is Explained by Donald Blair

The foundation of the material wealth of this county is thoroughly dependent on the productive capacity of the soil, and under favorable climatic conditions there are three principal methods of controlling this productivity. These are first, cultivation including drainage; second, rotation of crops; and third, fertilization. Cultivation and rotation are in the hands of the farmer himself; fertilizing materials, however, have to be secured generally from outside the farm, such as muriate of potash and rock phosphate. The matter of nutrition we can secure from the growing of the humes such as clover and alfalfa. It is useless to advise a general kind of fertilizer, for all conditions, for just in so much as two people are different, just in so much will their farms need different treatment.

The beneficial results of fertilizers are due to the supply of plant food to the soil in a more soluble or available form than is found in soils of low productive capacity. The natural supply of mineral plant food comes frequently from the solution of the mineral deposits in the soil. The elements are unlocked and made available for plant absorption but constant growing of such cultivated crops as corn and oats on the same soil year after year, results in a gradual draining of the natural mineral elements found, and for this reason we have to draw upon outside sources to replenish the supply.

Through constant cultivation of the soil, decay of vegetable matter is materially hastened. Fermentation takes place rapidly resulting in the rapid formation of food materials for the succeeding crops. In reality then, the soil is sort of a factory containing a large amount of unsoluble food material, which by means of the fermentation, chemical action resulting from plant growth and cultivation gradually unlocks the fertilizing elements contained and allows the plant to make use of them. We must know then that certain elements must be constantly supplied to take the place of those used, and this in short is the reason for the demand for rock phosphate, lime, minerals, etc., on many long cultivated soils.

It is foolish for us to buy fertilizers without a knowledge of our need. Further, without a knowledge of the exact contents of the fertilizer, whether they will supply our needs or not. We may apply a certain fertilizer in which the land is already very strong, and neglect to supply one element that our plant life is urgently in need of, simply through lack of a knowledge of the existing conditions.

It is generally found that corn is particularly responsive to phosphates, cereal crops such as oats and wheat to nitrates, which as we stated before we secure from the growing of clovers and alfalfas; grasses and clovers are responsive to phosphoric acid and potash; potatoetos potash.

FIRE BREAKS OUT AT BACON HOME SUNDAY MORNING

Saturday morning about half past four the village was aroused by the clanging of the fire bell, a fire having broken out in the Jos. Savage house at present occupied by George Bacon and family. The fire is supposed to have caught from a defective chimney and beyond doubt it had been smouldering in the attic the greater part of the night.

Mrs. Bacon was aroused from her sleep in the early morning by the crackling of the flames and rushing out discovered the fire just as it was breaking through the roof, her cry of fire was heard by neighbors whose first act was to telephone central who quickly spread the alarm, and in so short a time was it accomplished that the hose cart and ladders were on the way even before the fire bell spread the news. Beyond question the promptness with which all calls were answered was the means of saving the house from complete destruction. As it is the roof is destroyed as is also the upstairs ceilings, entailing a loss of between three or four hundred dollars to Mr. Savage. All the furniture and clothing in the upstairs rooms were destroyed either by fire or smoke. Mr. Bacon's loss is estimated at about two hundred dollars, which however is covered by an insurance.

EXPLAINS STATE AID FOR ROADS

State to Pay One-half of The Cost of the Construction of The Road

GRAND AVENUE IS FIRST

After Construction State has Absolute Authority and will Maintain Them with Cost to the County

Now that Lake county's supervisors have elected Charles Russell superintendent of highways of Lake county, it is interesting to know what his duties are, what is to be done under his direction (he of course being under the direction of the state highway commission)

The situation as regards improvements of Lake county roads under state aid, is the best explained by Homer J. Tice, who, recently said of the new change inaugurated in the state and made operative forthwith in Lake county by the election of Mr. Russell:

"Illinois at the last general assembly enacted in what is known as the state aid road law. This provides that the state shall pay one half the cost and the counties operating under and entering into the provisions of the law pay one-half of the cost of all roads constructed in such counties. The state secures its funds from an automobile license. This automobile law has brought into the state treasury for road purposes something over $800,000. In addition to this sum the state appropriates such amounts as are found necessary and practicable to meet the present demands. Illinois will have available for the year 1913, $400,000 from the automobile fund and for the year 1914, $400,000 further of the automobile fund and in addition to this $300,000 on the general revenue fund each It being required by the law that e dollar county participating shall put in d This for dollar expended by the state. e year would make a total fund for the ar 1914 1913 of $800,000 and for the y to each $1,400,000 The funds allotted upon the county are appropriated u ax levied amount of road and bridge t . After and collected in each county d roads' the roads designated as 'state a as abare completed, then the state ha solute authority over all such roads and maintains them without any local expense through the county. The provisions of the law are carried out and enforced by a non-partisan highway commission appointed by the governor of the state. Under this commission or a chief engineer and assistant engineer and such other officials and employes as may be necessary for the carrying on of the work."

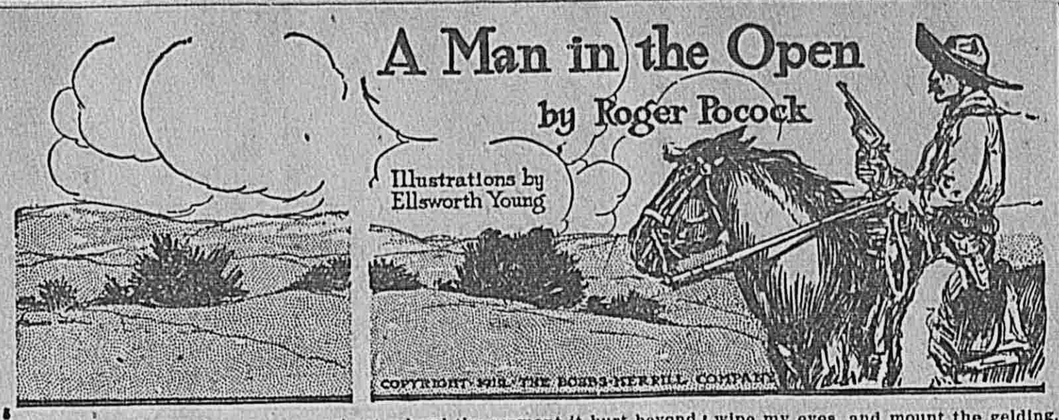
After much discussion Grand Avenue was decided upon as the first State Aid road. This road being designated as follows:

Beginning at a point on the public highway designated on the county map of Lake county showing proposed state aid roads on file in the office of the State Highway commission and a copy of which is also on file in the county clerk's office, as proposed state aid road route number 6, said point being east line of the village of Lake Villa and extending thence along said route number 6 in Lake county in an easterly direction for a distance of 14 miles.

A BAD BEGINNING.



"Gee! I'm almost sorry I done resolved to play hookey every day this year."



A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

To judge by the hind shoes, Mrs. Trevor's mean colt had gone down toward the river not more'n ten minutes ago, on the dead run, then back up the road at a racking out-of-breath trot. Something must have gone wrong, and sure enough as I neared a point of rocks which hid the trail ahead, Jones suddenly shied hard in the midst of a hiccup. There was the Widow Bear's track right across the road, and Mick had to yell blue blazes to get the other ponies past the smell. Ahead of me the tracks of the Trevor colt were dancing the width of the road, bucking good and hard at the stink of bear. Then I rounded the point of rocks.

There lay Mrs. Trevor in a heap. Since Jones would have shied over the tree-tops at a corpse or a whiff of blood, I knew she'd only fainted, but felt at her breast to make sure. I tell you it felt like an outrage to lay my paw on a sleeping lady, and still worse I'd only my dirty old hat to carry water from a seepage in the cliff. My heart thumped when I knelt to sprinkle the water, and when that blamed humming-bird came whirring past my ear, I jumped as though the devil had got me, splashing the hatful over Mrs. Trevor. At that her eyes opened, staring straight at my face, but she made out a sort of smile when she saw it was only me.

"Jesse!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Seen my husband?"

"No, ma'am."

"I don't know what's come over him," she moaned, clenching her teeth; "he fired at me."

"That gun I traded him?"

"Four shots."

"You was running away when your colt shied at the bear?"

"My ankle! Jesse, it hurts so dreadfully. Yes, the left."

My knife ripped her riding-boot near. The old red bandana from my boot made her a wet bandage, and the stop served for a splint. There broken to call to tell her the foot was my job, and the fainting fits eased tell me. Between whiles she would turn of to hurry, knowing that the re- Trevor what damned colt would show no weap which way she'd run. I had along wit on, so if Trevor happened be healt h the .45 revolver it wouldn't by.

couldn't leave the loads of ore on my ponies, and if I got Mrs. Trevor mounted with her foot hanging down, she'd lose time swooning. So I unloaded all the ponies except Jones and Swift, who has a big heart for travel. Next I filled one of the rawhide panniers with brush, and lashed it across Jones' neck for a back rest. A wad of pine brush made a seat between Jones' panniers where I mostly carry



There Lay Mrs. Trevor All in a Heap.

my grub. Hoisting Mrs. Trevor on to the mare's back was a pretty mean job, but worst of all I had to lash her down. For chafing gear to keep the ropes from scorching, I had to use my coat, shirt, and undershirt, so that when I mounted Swift to lead off, I'd only boots and overalls, and Mrs. Trevor could see I was blushing down to my belt. Shocked? Nothing! Great ladies doesn't shock like common people. No, in spite of the pain-racking and the fear-haunting, she laughed, and it done me good. She said I looked like Mr. Pollo Belvidearay, a dago she'd met up with in Italy. Dagos are swine, but the way she spoke made me proud.

Washing day after supper.

We weren't more than half-way down to the river when we heard Trevor surging and yelling astern, somewheres up on the bench. At that I broke to a trot, telling the lady to let out a howl the moment it hurt beyond bearing. I wonder what amount of pain is beyond the bearing of real thoroughbreds? That lady would burn before she'd even whimper.

Nearing the ferry my innards went sick, for the punt was on the far bank, the man was out of sight, and even Jones wouldn't propose to swim a river with a cargo of mineral and a deck load. As we got to the door of Brown's cabin, Trevor hove in sight: I lep' to the ground, giving Jones a hearty slap on the off quarter, which would steer her behind Brown's cabin; then with one jump I grabbed ol man Brown's Winchester rifle from its slings above the hearth, shoved home two cartridges from the mantel, rammed the muzzle through the window-pane, which commands a view up the trail, and proceeded to take stock of Mr. Trevor.

The man's eyes being stark staring mad, it was a sure fact he'd never listen to argument. I waited, following with the rifle until the horse's shoulder widened out, giving me a clear aim at the heart.

The horse finished his stride, but while I was running to the door he crumpled and went down dead, the carcass sliding three yards before it stopped. As to the man, he shot a long curve down on his back in a splash of dust, which looked like a brown explosion. His revolver went further on whirling, until a stump touched off the trigger, and its bullet whined over my head.

Next thing I heard was the rapids, like a church organ finishing a hymn, and Mrs. Trevor's call.

"You've killed him?"

"No, ma'am, but he's had an accident. I'll take him to the cabin for first aid."

Trevor was sitting up by the time I reached him. He looked sort of sick.

"Get up," said I, remembering to be polite in the presence of a lady. "Get up, you cherub."

Instead of rising, he reached out a flask from his pocket, and uncorked to take a little nourishment. I flicked the bottle into the river, and assisted him to rise with my foot. "My poor erring brother," said I, "please step this way, or I'll kick your tail through your hat."

He said he wasn't feeling very well, so when I got him into the cabin, I let him lie on Brown's bed, lashing him down good and hard. I gave him a stick to bite instead of my fingers, which is private. "Now," said I, "your name is Polecat. You're due to rest right there, Mr. Polecat, until I get the provincial constable." I gathered from his expression that he'd sort of taken a dislike to me.

Swift and the mare were grazing on pine chips beside the cabin, and Mrs. Trevor looked wonderfully peaceful.

"Your husband," said I, "is resting."

She gave me a wry laugh, and seeing she was in pain, I poured water over her foot.

"That's better," said she, "how good you are to me!"

Old man Brown was coming across with a punt, mighty peevish because I'd dropped a horse carcass to rot at his cabin door, and still worse when he seen I had a lunatic roped in his bunk. I gave him his Winchester, which he set down by his door, also a dollar bill, but he was still crowded full of peevishness, wasting a lady's time. At last I hustled the ponies aboard the punt, and set the guide lines so that we started out along the cable, leaving the old man to come or stay as he pleased. He came. Fact is, I remembered that while I took Mrs. Trevor to my home, I'd need a messenger to ride for doctor, nurse, groceries, and constable. I'm afraid old man Brown was torn some, catching on a nail while I lifted him into the punt. His language was plentiful.

Now I thought I'd arranged Mrs. Trevor and Mr. Trevor and Mr. Brown, and added up the sum so that old Geometry himself couldn't have figured it better. Whereas I'd left out the fact that Brown's bunk was nailed careless to the wall of his cabin. As Trevor struggled, the pegs came adrift, the bed capsized, the rope slacked, and the polecat, breaking loose, found Brown's rifle. I'd led the ponies out of the punt, and was instructing Brown, when the polecat let drive at me from across the river. With all his faults he could shoot good, for his first grazed my scalp, half blinding me. At that the lady attracted attention by screaming, so the third shot stampeded poor Jones.

I ain't religious, being only thirty, and not due to reform this side of rheumatism, but all the sins I've enjoyed was punished sudden and complete in that one minute. Blind with blood, half stunned, and reeling sick, I heard the mare as she plunged along the bank dispensing boulders. No top-heavy cargo was going to stand that strain without coming over, so the woman I loved—yes, I knew that now for a fact—was going to be dragged until her brains were kicked out by the mare. It seemed to me ages before I could rouse my senses, wipe my eyes, and mount the gelding. When sight and sense came back, I was riding as I had never dared to ride in all my life, galloped Mr. Swift on rolling boulders steep as a roof and all a-slither. I got Swift sidewise up the bank to grass, raced past the mare, then threw Swift in front of Jones. Down went the mare just as her load capsized, so that she and the lady, Swift and I, were all mixed up in a heap.

My little dog Mick was licking my scalp when I woke, and it seemed to me at first that something must have gone wrong. My head was between two boulders, with the mare's shoulder pressing my nose, my legs were under water, and somewhere close around were roaring rapids. Swift was scrambling for a foothold, and Mrs. Trevor shouting for all she was worth. I waited till Swift cleared out, and the lady quit for breath.

"Yes, ma'am," says I.

"Oh, say you're not dead, Jesse!"

"Only in parts," said I, "and how are you?"

"I'm cutting the ropes, but oh, this knife's so blunt!"

"Don't spoil your knife. Will you do what I say?"

"Of course I will."

"Reach out then on the off side of the load. The end of that lashing's fast to the after-basket line."

When I'd explained that two or three times, "I have it," she answered. "Loose!"

"Pull on the fore line of the diamond."

"Right. Oh, Jesse, I'm free!"

"Kneel on the mare's head, reach



Galloped Mr. Swift on Rolling Boulders Steep as a Roof.

under the pannier, find the latego, and cast off."

She fumbled awhile, and then reported all clear.

"Get off the mare."

In another moment Jones was standing up to shake herself, knee deep in the river, and with a slap I sent her off to join Swift at the top of the bank. Mrs. Trevor was sitting on a boulder, staring out over the rapids, her eyes set on something coming down mid-stream. Her face was all gray, and she clutched my hand, holding like grim death. As for me, I'd never reckoned that even a madman would try to swim the Fraser in clothes and boots.

"I can't bear it!" she cried, turning her face away. "Tell me—"

"I guess," said I, feeling mighty grave, "you're due to become a widow."

The rapids got Trevor, and I watched.

"You are a widow," says I, at last.

She fainted.

There, I'm dead sick of writing this letter, and my wrist is all toothache.

JESSE.

CHAPTER III.

Love.

Kate's Narrative.

I married Lionel Trevor in the days when he looked like a god as Parsifal, sang like an angel, had Europe at his feet. "Something wrong with Europe," is Jesse's comment. "West of the Rockies we don't use such, except to sell their skins."

When Lionel lost his voice—more to him than are horse and gun to Jesse—he would not ask me to follow him into the wilderness but tried to persuade me to stay oh in London. I was singing "Eurydice" in "Orfeo," my feet, thanks to Lionel, were at last on the great ladder, and if I was ambitious, who shall blame me? Yet for better, for worse, we were married, and here among the pines, in this celestial air, a year or two at the most would give him back his voice. My place was at his side, for better or worse, and when he drank, when day by day I watched the light of reason give place in his eyes to bestial vice, until at last I found myself chained to a maniac—till death do us part—it was then I first saw Jesse, the one man whose eyes showed understanding.

I can write about that day when Lionel was possessed of devils, hunted me through the woods like a bear. I doubt if I remember all that happened. I must have been crazed with pain and fear until suddenly I woke up on a boulder by that awful river, and saw him drift past me, caught in the rapids, drowning. I would have shouted I was so glad, until he saw me, and dying as he was, looked at me with Lionel's clear sane eyes.

I fainted, and when I awoke again in the dusk, Jesse bent over me.

That night and for three weeks afterward, I lay delirious. At the ferryman's cabin he made me a bed of pine boughs, until my household stuff and the Chinese servant could be brought down from the ranch. He sent Surly Brown to bring Doctor McGee, and the Widow O'Flynn as my nurse, while her son Billy was hired to do his pack-train work. From that time onward the pack outfit carried cargoes of ore from the mine, and loads from Hundred Mile House of every comfort and luxury which money could buy for me. When I got well, I found that Jesse had spent the savings of years, and had not a dollar left.

When at last I crept out of doors to bask in the autumn sunlight, the cottonwoods and aspens were changed to lemon, the sumac to crimson, the fallen needles of the pines clothed the slopes with orange, and a mist of milky blue lay in the canon.

Jesse had arranged with lawyers for the probate of Lionel's will, and settlement of his debts, which would leave me nothing. As far as Jesse knew, I was penniless, and to this day I have never dared acknowledge that, secured from the extravagance of my late husband, I have capital bringing in some seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. Jesse supposed me to be destitute, and when I spoke of returning to my work in Europe, offered to raise the money for my passage. Knowing his ranch to be mortgaged already to its full value, I wondered what limit there was to this poor man's valor. Yes, I would accept, assuring him of swift repayment, yet dared not tell him the wages offered me at Covent Garden. It seemed indecent that a woman's voice should be valued at more per week than his heroic earnings for a year.

I sang to him, simple emotional music: Orfeo's lament, the finale of "Il Trovatore," the angel song from Chopin's "Marche Funebre."

I wonder why women make it so important that a man should propose. It needed no telling that Jesse and I were in love. It seemed only natural that we should marry, and any pretense of mourning for the late Mr. Trevor would have been distasteful.

Although born in the Labrador, Jesse had been a cow-boy in Texas for half his working life. As a stockman, he was to wed a rancher's widow. Was he ashamed of his business? No, proud as Lucifer! Was he ashamed of the dress of his trade? Not by a damned sight! Soldiers and sailors are proud to wear the dress of their trade when they marry. "We are cow punchers," said he, with his head in the air. "S'pose we ride to Cariboo City, and get married in the little old log church."

He managed to persuade me; and consented also to a hunting trip, instead of the usual honeymoon.

When I was well enough for the journey, I rode my colt, and Jesse his demon mare—Jones—my sole rival, I think except that dreadful bear, in his affections. Two pack ponies carried our camp and baggage, and each night he would set up a little tent for me, bedding him down beside the fire. At the end of five days' journey, we rode at last into Cariboo.

Captain Taylor, of Hundred Mile House, and Pete Mathson, the cargador of the Star Pack-train, two of my stanch friends of Jesse, witnessed our marriage in the quaint log building which served as church and school house.

Captain Taylor is a retired army officer, a pioneer of the gold fields, a magistrate, a man to trust. And when he gave me his heartfelt congratulations, it was not without knowledge of Jesse's character. Jesse and Pete, the cargador, rode with me to the camp of his Star Pack-train, was there in the forest that we ar wedding-breakfast. We drank ealths in champagne from tin and then, saddling up, Jesse rode away alone into the soli-

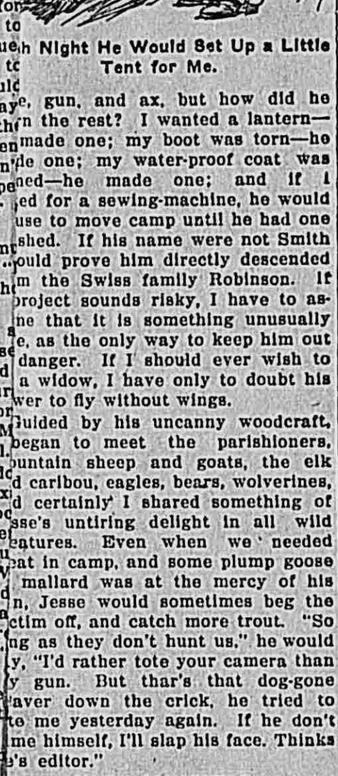
CHAPTER IV.

The Landlord.

Narrative.

his life before he reached this nce Jesse will so far tell me ng, yet his speech betrays him. nder the vivid dialect of the range, there is a streak of sailad beneath that I detect traces ogue which may be native per- to Labrador. Out of a chaos of he has pecked words which ed him, pronounced, of course, lit himself, and used in some which would shock any dic- ry.

manners and customs, too, are ld for research. Of course one cts him to be professional with



Night He Would Set Up a Little Tent for Me.

e, gun, and ax, but how did he n the rest? I wanted a lantern—made one; my boot was torn—he le one; my water-proof coat was ed—he made one; and if I ed for a sewing-machine, he would use to move camp until he had one shed. If his name were not Smith ould prove him directly descended m the Swiss family Robinson. If project sounds risky, I have to asne that it is something unusually e, as the only way to keep him out danger. If I should ever wish to a widow, I have only to doubt his wer to fly without wings.

uided by his uncanny woodcraft, began to meet the parishioners. ountain sheep and goats, the elk d caribou, eagles, bears, wolverines, d certainly I shared something of sse's untiring delight in all wild eatures. Even when we needed at in camp, and some plump goose mallard was at the mercy of his n, Jesse would sometimes beg the ctim off, and catch more trout. "So ng as they don't hunt us," he would y, "I'd rather tote your camera than y gun. But thar's that dog-gone aver down the crick, he tried to te me yesterday again. If he don't me himself, I'll slap his face. Thinks 's editor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Skill a Natural Gift.

James Cran, who astonished the orld by his reproduction of flowers his Belgian blacksmith shop, works t a forge in Cranfield, N. J. Not long go he was doing common blacksmithng work. Art critics say that he has one much closer to nature in his ork than Van Boeckel. He uses no models, and works with only the simplest tools. He began his apprenticeship as a blacksmith in Scotland at the age of eighteen, but since 1896 has lived in this country, where he was one of the first men to make an iron golf club.

Enormous Irrigation Profits.

The Assouan dam and other irrigation works in Egypt have cost about $53,000,000; but the increase in value of land in middle and lower Egypt and the Fayoum provinces has been from $955,000,000 to $2,440,000,000. The total rent of this land has risen from $82,000,000 to $190,000,000.

CONDUCTRESSES ON BUS

Brooklyn Suggestion Stirs the Imagination of Possible Passengers Anyhow.

Conductresses are to ring the fares on one of the new Brooklyn lines which are to supplement transportation facilities—if the board of estimate consents.

One of the lines seeking a fair announces that to do the conducting only girls need apply. They say pretty girls, but let us hope they say girls are meant. If she should drop our toes while reaching for the rope, her light weight and her apologies will make us happy we've been in the way.

For she must be thin waisted—order to squeeze by comfortably—and we shall insist that she set on the sense fashion in the matter of skirts. Nor can she be permitted to carry small change in a handkerchief to carry her bills in the uncouth manner favored by some women shoppers. Moreover, the company must insist that no stops shall be made in front of candy stores. It is bad enough to wait while the conductor gulps a beer. No passenger should be expected to bide the conductress' consumption of an ice cream soda.

No Judge of Scenery.

The late Bishop Doane of Albany hated socialism, and at a dinner in Albany he once said:

"The Socialist, who abhors aristocracy and superiority and elegance, is as misguided and wrong-headed as the miner who went through Hell's Glen.

"Hell's Glen, between Glasgow and Invegary, is one of the most picturesque and rugged pieces of scenery in all Scotland.

"Well, a miner once drove through the glen in a coach, and, while his companions went into raptures over the wild, weird, awe-inspiring features of the place, the miner yawned over his cigar and newspaper.

"'Don't you like Hell's Glen, sir?' the driver asked, at a particularly precipitous and striking spot.

"'Why,' grunted the miner, 'I guess it's all right, but I can't seen none of the scenery for these darned hills.'"

BRUSSELS VERY GAY

Belgium's Capital Is Called the "Little Paris."

Writer Declares Name Is Well Deserved, for Like French City, It Is Very Beautiful and Full of Life.

Paris.—They call Brussels the "Little Paris." It well deserves its name, for like Paris it is very beautiful and very gay. Indeed the people here never seem to go to bed at all, for at one and two o'clock in the morning the streets are still thronged with people.

Men and women were standing on the curb even at that late hour selling papers that were covered with numbers. They were crying out their wares in Flemish and the papers were going very fast. We found out afterwards that these papers were lottery tickets and a fine automobile was to be the prize for the lucky one.

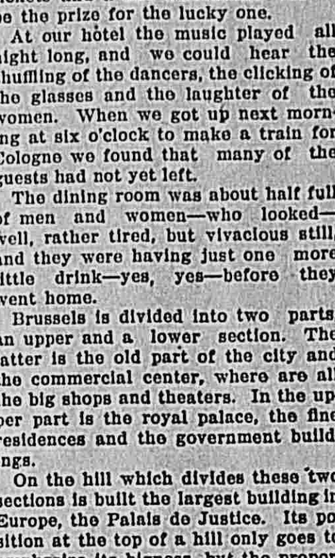
At our hotel the music played all night long, and we could hear the shuffling of the dancers, the clicking of the glasses and the laughter of the women. When we got up next morning at six o'clock to make a train for Cologne we found that many of the guests had not yet left.

The dining room was about half full of men and women—who looked—well, rather tired, but vivacious still, and they were having just one more little drink—yes, yes—before they went home.

Brussels is divided into two parts, an upper and a lower section. The latter is the old part of the city and the commercial center, where are all the big shops and theaters. In the upper part is the royal palace, the fine residences and the government buildings.

On the hill which divides these two sections is built the largest building in Europe, the Palais de Justice. Its position at the top of a hill only goes to emphasize its bigness, but the proportions are perfect. It reminds one a little of the St. Peter's at Rome, only it seems much larger. The inside is just as colossal as the outside, having gigantic stairways and great columns.

The royal palace is another immense building, being one of the finest in Europe. It was built by King Leopold,



Old Brussels Architecture.

who was a much more popular monarch than the present king.

The splendid thoroughfare, Avenue Louise, is also located in the new part of the town. It is tastefully laid out with flower beds and decorated by statues of many famous Belgians.

Part way down the hill to the old part of the town stands a wonderful church, the Cathedral of St. Gudule. It has two towers in front, like Notre Dame in Paris. It is an imposing and splendid monument of the religious art which constituted the glory of the middle ages.

In the old part of the city is one of the most famous squares in Europe—Grand Place—on which every house and stone has a history of its own. The Hotel de Ville, which occupies one side of the square, is one of the most magnificent edifices in the world. It is very much ornamented with statues and pillars. On the top is a gigantic "St. Michael overcoming the Devil," which acts as a weather vane and seems to soar over the city which he protects.

DOG SPENT 19 DAYS IN WELL

Canine's Frantic Yelps Finally Attracted the Attention of a Kansas Farmer.

Wichita, Kan.—For 19 days and nights neighbors of H. D. Wait, a farmer near Towanada, Kan., heard yelps and barking which some believed due to prairie wolves or coyotes, while some ventured that they came from a second hound of the Baskervilles. While passing through an abandoned lot Mr. Wait located the sounds at the bottom of a dry well. His Scotch collie had fallen into the well 19 days before and was just able to make himself heard. Wait drew him out and is feeding him back to life, his ribs being the most prominent part of him.

Stabbed Man All Puffed Up.

New York.—Abraham Kalen, stabbed during a quarrel, began to puff up on all sides. Doctors explained that his lung had been punctured and air was being forced between his lung and skin. No danger, the doctors said.

GROWTH OF FARMER

His Progress Has for Basis the Country School.

In It Agriculture Should Be Taught, Urges Ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, Famous Authority on the Dairying Industry.

(From address by ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard of Wisconsin before Illinois Farmers' Institute.)

I have been something of a builder in my life. I have tried to do what I could to build up knowledge in the hearts of men concerning dairying. I have seen about 40 years of steady service in that field. I have seen men, through the inspiration and teaching concerning the cow, changed from dotish, unthinking exploiters of soil and cattle, to wide-awake, earnest students of the mysteries of this true and real form of godliness. I have seen farms transformed from shabbiness to beauty, from abodes of indifference and ignorance of the laws of God in animal and plant life, to living exponents of a fairer, sweeter and nobler civilization.

But everywhere that this occurred did I see marching with it a growth of thought, of brain, of comprehension, the result of study and a noble resolve to know the truth that shall make them free.

Another thing I noticed was a growth in honesty, plain old-fashioned simple honesty. As a dairy farmer grows to better estate, he sees the necessity of being honest with his soil. He must recognize its claims. He must be honest with his cows. They, too, have claims. He must be honest with his mind. He must respect thought, knowledge and labor that is required to obtain comprehension.

I want to see the farmers of this land filled with a desire and purpose to be as big mentally as anybody; as big in comprehension as are the problems that lie before them.

There is only one road to this consummation. The farmer must take hold of this problem of building up the country school, his school, the only school that 95 per cent. of all the farmers of the land have ever had. They are today what that school has made them. As a basis for the broadest of education, agriculture stands without a peer.

If we do anything to conserve the resources of our country, we must work with the farm boys, the farmer that is to be. His home school must teach him the elements of agriculture just as the elements of mathematics, language and history are taught. His ... came up ignorant of the meaning ... terms that are used in agricultural chemistry, so whenever he read them they were as dead language to him. Did the state do its duty by that father? No! It barred him out of understanding the literature of his calling.

... millions of dollars are being spent on universities, colleges and secondary schools, for the education and ... enfranchisement of people ... towns and cities, and the country ... is not as virile and vigorous ... educator as it was 50 years ago. How can the farmer lay hold on ... wledge? How can he stand up ... abreast of other classes in society unless ... has some fair chance for education in his youth as other men have? Right here lies the crux of this whole matter.

SOIL FOR THE APPLE TREES

Where Land Is Shallow Roots Are Necessarily Close to Surface and Life of Orchard Is Short.

A ... p, heavy loam is the best soil for ... es. This, however, is really of less ... sequence than the subsoil, or that ... t of the soil lying from one ... five or ten feet beneath the surface ... writes E. R. Bennett in the Nebraska Farm Journal. Where soils are ... low, or underlaid by an impervious ... stratum either of heavy clay, hardpan, rock or other impenetrable material, the roots of the trees are necessarily close to the surface, and the life of an orchard in such soil is comparatively short.

Orchards in many places are in prime condition at eight or ten years of age ... but owing to shallow soils, the orchard may begin to decline at from twelve to fifteen years of age, while on ... ard on good soil should be in its prime from twenty to thirty years of age, and should be in good condition under proper care even at ... y years from planting. In other words, the longevity of an orchard depends ... other things being equal, on the ... subsoil in which it is planted. In many places it may be observed ... able trees grown in the valleys ... great size in a comparatively ... time. Those on the hillside or ... tops of hills grow more slowly ... consequently are not so large ... end of a given period. This is often ... to depth of soil, which is ... greater in the hollows than ... hillsides or the top, and in ... cases it also way be due to the ... amount of moisture, received ... hollows.

Nothing Gained.

... profiteth a man if he whitewash ... the outside of his barn and allow festoons of cobwebs on the ceiling to drop filth into the milk pails?

How to Catch Ducks.

... says catch ducks and geese by the ... necks, never by the legs or wings, ... both are easily broken.

HEN HOUSE MUST BE AN

How It Should Be Constructed to Facilitate This—Method of Excluding Rats.

Each and every poultry ... ing should be so constructed that ... will be easy to remove all of its ... dings and thoroughly clean its ... or. The doors or windows can be ... so that the litter and dirt ... be shoveled directly from the ... ing into a cart and fresh soil ... new can be quickly and conveniently placed inside with comparatively little labor. Inconvenient arrangements tempt the poultryman to neglect necessary cleaning.

The interior walls of the house should be smooth and have ... projections and crevices as ... Lice seek the cracks and cran... and it is difficult to dislodge ... by sweeping, spraying, washing or fumigation, from these hidings.

The buildings should be ... rat. Especially is this true of the room and brooder house. ... means of preventing the entr... rats are employed. Concrete, if made with a sufficient ... of good cement to be very ... withstand the rats' teeth. Laying netting of one-fourth or one-half mesh under the floor is usually effective. Extending the sides ... building down into the soil 18 ... by means of boards or wire ... will generally defeat the rats. ... broken glass is sometimes mixed ... the stones in a foundation ... underneath the sills of the building. Any knot-hole or other aperture ... would admit a rat may be stopped ... a cement made of plaster of paris ... broken glass.

Mice are sometimes trouble... especially in the granary. They ... be kept out.

POLLENATION OF FRUIT TR...

Many Experiments Recorded Where Trees Refuse to Bear When Standing Entirely Alone.

The fact that a fruit tree stan... by itself is less productive than ... others of the same kind are ne... is not so well known as it should ... and has been the cause of disappointment to many who have failed to ... fruit from their trees. Not only ... tree less productive when stan... alone, often it will not set fruit at ... says the Practical Farmer. There ... something in nature demanding that ... flower be fertilized by pollen from ... flower of some other tree rather ... from of its own; and that is recognized among seed men and other ... are interested in seeds alone.

But it is with fruit trees we ... the most concern. Many experiments ... have been recorded where fruit trees ... apple especially, refuse to bear when ... standing entirely alone, and in every ... case of this kind there is more or ... loss of crop when its own pollen ... to be used for its fertilization.

The remedy lies in planting other ... trees close enough to it that the pollen ... of one tree can be carried by wind ... and insects to the flowers of the ... others. It has been found, also, that ... when trees are of different kinds it is ... of additional advantage. Should the ... first tree planted be a Baldwin apple, ... let the other tree or trees be distinct ... sorts from it.

Orchardists are fairly conversant ... with the necessity of the interspersing ... of varieties in their plantings. The ... orchard may be of but one or two ... sorts in bulk, but there should be a ... row now and again of some other variety ... riety set between the others. The ... mixing of sorts is not confined to apples; ... cherries, plums, pears and all ... other kinds are all to be considered ... in the same way.

GAS DANGERS IN PIT SILOS

Always Wise to Make Test by Lowering Lighted Lantern Into Cavern Before Person Enters.

There is some danger of gas forming in a pit silo, especially while the silo is being filled. This probably will occur if the silo is allowed to stand for several hours without running any silage into it. It is always wise to test the air by lowering a lighted lantern into the pit. If the light goes out it indicates the presence of gas, and if not, there is no danger. This is carbonic acid gas, which is heavier than the air and it settles down to the bottom of the silo. To get it out, run the cutter for a half hour, and the falling of the material into the pit will be sufficient to stir up the air so there is no danger, says the Farmers' Mail and Breeze. Or drop a few bundles of fodder or hay into the silo, which will have the same effect. Test the air again with the lantern before going down.

Where a pit silo is allowed to stand for several weeks or months without feeding from it, there is danger of gas forming. It is wise to keep a lantern at the silo, which can be lighted and lowered into the silo before going down, even when feeding from it every day.

For a silo of this size I would advise you to make a light derrick of three poles. Fasten in a pulley at the top, and hoist the silage out with a windlass. For this purpose use a box with a hinged bottom which can be opened, allowing the silage to drop down into a cart or wheelbarrow. For larger silos it is well to put up a short section of hay carrier track and use the ordinary carrier with pulley arranged for lifting out with a horse.

Care in Milking.

Milk in a clean, well-ventilated barn, using care not to raise dust.

THE BEGGAR GIRL'S MODESTY

Turkish Young Woman Refused to Uncover Face to Have Picture Taken.

London.—While walking near the Mosque of St. Sofia some time ago I was arrested with the cry of "Alms for the Love of Allah" coming from the trio whose photograph I am inclosing herewith, trusting that it will be of interest to your readers. I tried to get the girl in the group to uncover her face, but the teaching of her religion, which tells her that her mouth is sacred and must not be shown, had too



"Alms for the Love of Allah!"

great a hold, and my efforts were unavailing. Can one say the same of the average English beggar? Her father and brother, as can be seen from their expression, were at first adverse to being taken, but a bribe of 20 paras (one penny) brought reluctant consent. Rumor has it that many beggars make small fortunes; certainly the number of them to be found would lead one to think that at least an easy living is to be obtained. Here in this most picturesque city one can hardly go a dozen yards without having the cry of "Alms for the Love of Allah" flung at one, with the blessing or curse to follow, according to one's generosity or otherwise.

CURTAIN DOWN ON ROMANCE

Asks Annulment of Marriage to Man Who Went Insane on Honeymoon in 1903.

San Francisco.—A tragic final chapter has been written to the romantic ...opement of "Jack" Breckenridge ...d Miss Adelaide Murphy, which ...irred social circles in many cities ... years ago. Mrs. Breckenridge has ...stituted proceedings of annulment ... marriage because of the incurable ...anity of her husband.

"Jack" Breckenridge, scion of noted ...lifornia families, is watched by ...pers in Paris. His wife, after ar...ging with her attorney here for the ...g of annulment proceedings, left ...ently for Philadelphia.

The marriage of Breckenridge to ...illie" Murphy, as she was known ...her friends, took the relatives and ...uaintances of the couple by sur...e. On the honeymoon trip to Paris ... blight of insanity touched the ... of the young husband and all ... efforts of the best physicians in ...ope failed to cure him. For ten ...s he has remained there.

...s. Breckenridge recently brought ...young son of the marriage, John ...kenridge, Jr., to San Francisco to ...th his grandmother and with her ...urrence the annulment proceed... are now under way here and in

...K LEG CAUSES ARREST

...n Says Husband Had Concealed His Possession of Two Artificial Limbs.

...land, Ore.—Miss Eva Zelmer ...t know P. D. Chamberlain had ...th legs when she married him. ...s one of the reasons given by ...ng woman for readily consenting ...ppear as a witness against the ...ho is charged with bigamy.

...dition to the Portland wife he ...he has a wife and child in ..., Me.

...pears Chamberlain told Miss ...he had one cork leg, but did ... anything about the other. ...e learned that both legs were ... the first quarrel occurred. ...erlain was released on $250 ... The money was the same ...hamberlain had raised a few ...re to get the release of Miss ... who had been held in that ...s a material witness.

Watchman Causes Big Loss.

...—When Night Watchman ...w the automatic sprinklers ...ater over the second floor of the ... Manufacturing company ...e shut off the water. The ... was destroyed by fire; loss, $10...

Demolishes Silk Tile.

...vidence, N. J.—A $7 high silk ...orn by John Miller on his way ... funeral, was demolished when ...-pound wild duck struck a telegraph ...ire in its flight, broke its wing ...ll upon the headgear.

THOUSANDS OF AVAILABLE HOMESTEADS

Western Canada's Homestead Area Being Increased.

The great rush for homesteads whenever a reservation is opened by the U. S. government reveals the fact that there is a great desire on the part of the American people to get land. The fact that tens of thousands are on hand at every opening, and only a few hundred homesteads are available shows that the available agricultural lands which are in the gift of the government are rapidly diminishing. In addition to this agricultural lands that are of proved value have advanced in price to such an extent that it becomes a serious question to the man with moderate means who intends to go into farming, where he shall go. Fortunately there is yet to be had in Western Canada, either in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each, which may be had, by the simple process of filing, paying a ten dollar entrance fee, and living on it for six months each year for three years. There is no necessity to make a long, tedious and expensive journey, only to find you have one chance in fifty of getting what you want. Although this homesteading has been going on in Canada for a number of years, and hundreds of thousands of them have been taken by hundreds of thousands of Americans, there remains sufficient to last for some time, and of as good land as any that has yet been taken up. In fact, in the opinion of very many, those that are left are of the best. They comprise lands that give the opportunity to indulge in the growing of grain, whether it be wheat, oats, barley or flax, but in addition these lands are admirably adapted for mixed farming, a class of farming that is certain to give better returns than that of all grain-growing. Cattle thrive and fatten on the nutritious grasses; dairying can be carried on successfully; timber for building is within reach, and water is easy to get. These lands are located in the park districts of any of the three provinces; groves of trees intersperse the landscape and give it a beauty that can only be attained in the more open prairie sections by the planting of trees. Tree culture by the way is being carried on to a great extent. Besides these free grant lands there are lands which may be had by purchasing from railways and private companies and individuals. These lands have not increased in price as their productive qualities and their location might have warranted, and may still be had at reasonably low prices and on easy terms. The crop in Western Canada in 1913 was one of the best of the number of good crops that that country has raised. Wheat has been reported with yields of from 30 to 45 bushels per acre, and other grain with like heavy yields.—Advertisement.

Proof.

"It is wrong for an old man to marry a young fool."

"But how is he to know that she is a fool?"

"When she says yes to his proposal he ought to know it."

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Accurate Location.

"Does your employer live in a melancholy sequestration?"

"No, sir; he lives in the suburbs."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.Adv

In the British museum there is to be seen the first envelope ever made.

HOPE TO RAISE LARGE SUM

Millions of Red Cross Christmas Seals to Be Sold for Anti-Tuberculosis Work.

Few people have any idea of the magnitude of the Red Cross Christmas seal campaign. This year over 100,000,000 seals have been printed and distributed. If placed end-to-end these seals would extend nearly 2,400 miles, or practically from New York to Salt Lake City. They have been sent to over 25,000 different agents and will be sold and handled by an army of not less than 100,000 volunteers, including men, women and children. Millions of advertising circulars have been scattered throughout the country, and so thoroughly has the advertising campaign been organized that it is doubtful if many people in the more populous states of the country will not have heard of the Red Cross seal and its mission in the prevention of tuberculosis. It is hoped that at least 50,000,000 seals may be sold this year. The principle upon which the sale of seals is based is that every cent except what little is needed to cover the actual cost of printing and handling shall be spent for tuberculosis work in the community where the seals are sold.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Household and Mental Order.

Froebel, "father of child-study," said that "inward clearness proceeds from outward order," and there is truth enough in the observation to give food for thought to the careless, untidy mother and father. Froebel's saying was connected, no doubt, with his insistence that the child's play and work materials in the kindergarten should be taken out in perfect order and so returned at the close of the exercises, and Dr. Montessori, the Italian educationist, whose method is working a change in the teaching of children, requires the same thing in her "Houses of Childhood." There must indeed be a potent influence in an orderly, punctual, wisely-administered household, and there is no question that children brought up in such an atmosphere do show clearness in their mental processes. Fortunately this is an influence which is independent of riches or poverty and so can be exerted by any mother.

One of the Guggenheims.

"There's nothing like putting the best foot foremost—putting the best face on the matter," said Oswald Garrison Villard in a recent Baltimore address.

"Why shouldn't we emulate Mrs. Sudden Ryches whose father was a policeman?

"Lord Lackland said to Mrs. Sudden Ryches at a luncheon at Sherry's:

"'What business is your father in, madam?'

"She flushed slightly, sipped her amber-colored Chateau Yquem, looked Lord Lackland straight in the eye, and answered:

"'Copper.'

"And Lord Lackland, remembering the pale palaces of the copper millionaires overlooking the park, said: 'Ah!' sagely, and was very much impressed indeed."

Social Engagement Line.

A sweet young thing called to have a telephone installed in her residence.

"Independent or party line?" asked the manager.

"We have a great many social obligations," simpered the sweet young thing, "so I think you can make it a party line, even if it does cost a little more."—Judge.

They stop the tickle—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop coughs by stopping the cause—5c at Drug Stores.

One must be a born leader or driver in order to have things come his way.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

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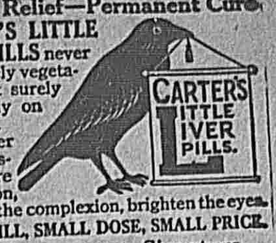
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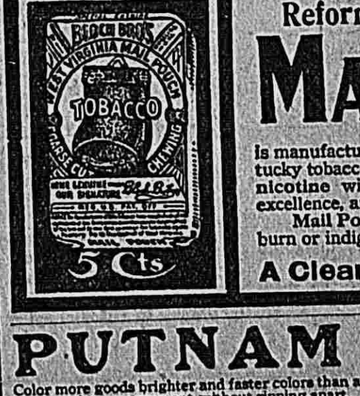
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Juliana In Service

A Christmas Comedy By Jeanette Coper



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JULIANA was sociologically inclined. That was how it came about that she found herself one December afternoon sitting forlornly on her trunk and homesickly surveying an attic apartment containing a small hard bed, a lopsided washstand, and a mirror that assured her with untruthful persistency that she was not a pleasure to look at.

"Anyway, it isn't a basement," said Juliana, glancing about her. Three promising places—promising from her point of view—had she refused because she could not command her courage to the point of sleeping downstairs. In this house there was no basement bedrooms and the two tiny attic rooms were given up to the cook and the housemaid. She reviewed mentally the apartments on the lower floors through which her mistress had conducted her and compared them with this in which she sat; after which she got her notebook out of her bag and made a few hasty notes. Juliana was going to do a series of articles on the Domestic Service Problem and she was getting her material at first hand.

She felt very pleased with her notes. They were lightly satirical. When she had done her hair over before the malicious mirror she made some more notes. These were filled with a yearning cry of gloom. She felt a gratifying certainty that a half-column of pathos could always be secured by a few minutes spent before her trunk, pausing occasionally to add other heart-rending wails of a housemaid cast away on a desert of lopsided furniture, and when a final survey of herself reflected a cross-eyed face under the exaggerated pompadour she had substituted for her usual rather classic coiffure, and a lumpy and grotesque figure in a cheap lace waist, she had really to tear herself from the room, so filled was she with gloomy and satrical literature. Just outside the door she met Mrs. Wentworth.

"Oh, Julia," said that lady, who was a pretty and smartly groomed young person, "I quite forgot to tell you that I have ordered some new furniture for your room. We have just moved to New York and I have not been able to get it attended to sooner. The new things will be up tomorrow."

Juliana did not write up her notes that evening on the sleeping accommodations offered servants. But she made two notes on different subjects and underscored them. They read as follows:

"The cook has been called home. I am to do her work this week as well as my own—with a Christmas dinner in prospect!"

"Mrs. Wentworth expects her brother tomorrow, making—when Mr.



Juliana Did Not Write Up Her Notes That Evening on the Sleeping Accommodations Offered Servants.

Wentworth arrives—four in the family. It is this uncertainty of the demands on one's time and strength that makes household service so unpopular."

"But perhaps the chief thing," Juliana sharpened her pencil and took a fresh start, "is the line drawn between those who employ servants and those who serve; a line, apparently impossible to cross, that lies between the drawing room and the kitchen."

She glanced that over in the morning before she went down to prepare breakfast. It comforted her for her lost inspiration on the subject of servants' rooms, and she decided to elaborate that line of thought for her first article. Not that it was a new thought, but all one needed was a new viewpoint and a feeling style, and surely she, with her experience before her, could count on these. She ran lightly down the back stairs, pushed open the kitchen door and came to a standstill. A young man sat at the kitchen table partaking of a generous piece of apple pie. He looked up at her and smiled. He was a large young man with a handsome mouth and nice eyes. "Good morning," he said. "Don't be frightened. I am Mrs Wentworth's brother." He surveyed her reassuringly and interestedly as he went on. "The furnace man let me into the basement and I found the stair door unlocked, so I did not have to choose between waking the family and walking the streets until a respectable hour." He smiled again and proceeded to make the most of what little pie was left. "It isn't



"But I Am Hired to Do It," Still Clinging to Her Side of the Pail.

just the thing for breakfast," he commented, "but it was the first food I saw."

He had his eyes again on Juliana, who still stood breathlessly by the door. "I believe I really frightened you," he observed, regretfully. "I'm tremendously sorry." She knew perfectly well that he was trying to place her, doubtful of her being a guest down at that hour, doubtful of her being the cook. He strolled across to the cupboard, evidently with the idea of filling in the period of uncertainty, helped himself to a couple of doughnuts and sat down on a corner of a table. "Can I offer you anything?" he said.

She did not answer. She went over and began to lay the fire.

"Oh! I say," he broke out. "Is—er—hasn't Mrs. Wentworth got a cook?"

"I am doing the cooking for a few days," said Juliana. "I am the housemaid." Then by a flash of inspiration she added, "The cook has went."

He devoted himself to his doughnuts after that until, the fire laid, she picked up the coal scuttle and started for the basement. "I'll get the coal for you," he said. He seized the bale of the scuttle, but Juliana did not let go her side of it.

"I do not think Mrs. Wentworth would like it." She was too startled to say anything except the first thing that occurred to her.

"Why should she object?" he inquired ingenuously. "Surely I am better able to carry coal than a girl like you."

"But I am hired to do it," still clinging to her side of the pail.

He looked down at her hand. "But the point," he explained, "is that you should never have been hired to do it. The fault is in the economic condition that makes such a thing possible. Now, when we reformers get into power—" he took the pail from her relaxed grasp and disappeared into the basement. "Anything else I can do?" he inquired cheerfully as he deposited the filled bucket beside the stove. "Part of our doctrine is to help a comrande, you know."

"That is all," very stiffly. "Thank you."

"Not at all," amiably. He looked at her an instant from the doorway and then went down the hall whistling softly to himself.

Mrs. Wentworth was beaming on her brother when Juliana carried in the breakfast. "And I'll have you all to myself this week, Kane," she said, "before your work begins."

Kane's reply was perhaps a little absent-minded. At any rate Juliana was not called upon for any further service, and after breakfast Mrs. Wentworth came into the kitchen and said, kindly: "You need not serve the table while you are doing the cooking, Julia. I'll attend to that myself."

And, later, Juliana hearing the lady of the house discoursing in tones reproving, argumentative, satirical, but always too subdued for the words to carry, and the answering laughter from Mr. Kane Farnsworth, guessed that she was under discussion, and went about her work with a growing wrath within her and a paragraph seething in her brain about self-respecting working girls being subjected to the surreptitious and patronizing attentions of supposedly well-bred young men. Not that she was able to discover anything either patronizing or surreptitious in Mr. Farnsworth's behavior. He came out into the kitchen during the afternoon, cheerfully slamming various doors behind him so that all the world might know where he had gone.

"Paring potatoes for dinner, Julia?" he said with great good humor. "I will help you."

"It is quite unnecessary," returned Juliana, looking very haughty, in spite of the overpowering pompadour and the lace waist.

"Again you miss the point," he said. "It is not a question of necessity, but of ethics. Here am I idling, and you doing the work of two." He got a large apron and tied it carefully around his neck. Then he got a knife and seized a potato. "You understand, Julia," he said, unheeding the averted face and stony silence of his companion, "that all the work of the world could be done, and well done, if each person devoted four hours to it. Authorities differ somewhat as to the time, but four hours is the maximum. Now, you and I—"

Mrs. Wentworth entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright. Juliana, to her great disgust, felt her own face flushing. Her eyes, after the first glance, she kept on her potato. Mr. Farnsworth spoke up cheerfully. "I was just explaining to Julia," he said, "that if we all worked four hours a day—"

Mrs. Wentworth interrupted. Her voice was quiet, but it was the quiet that is achievement. "Are you thinking of choosing housework as your career?" she asked.

"'Do the duty that lies nearest,'" he quoted, not without an accent of virtue. He finished the potato and selected another.

"I wanted you to help me hang some pictures in the library," said Mrs. Wentworth. Between fear of losing her cook and fear of losing her brother she was really a pathetic sight. Juliana felt stirrings of sympathy.

"In a few minutes," he said. "Having put my hand to the plow, in other words to the potato—"

"I would prefer to do the potatoes alone," said Juliana. "You pare them too thick."

He looked at her accusingly and selected two pieces of peeling from the pan. "Exhibit One," he said. "Peeling removed by Miss Julia—" paused inquiringly, and getting no answer, repeated with a closing inflection, "by Miss Julia. Exhibit Two—"

"Kane!" said his sister sharply. He gave her an innocent and inquiring smile.

"There is a great interest in paring potatoes," he observed. "Now notice the way in which Julia holds hers." Juliana, uncomfortably aware of her own lack of skill in the potato paring line, grew scarlet under the two pairs of watching eyes. She knew how Mrs. Wentworth was interpreting the blush and breathed a sigh of rage and



Mrs. Wentworth Entered. Her Face Was Flushed and Her Eyes Were Bright.

relief when Mr. Farnsworth finally drew his athletic figure to a standing position and followed his sister from the room.

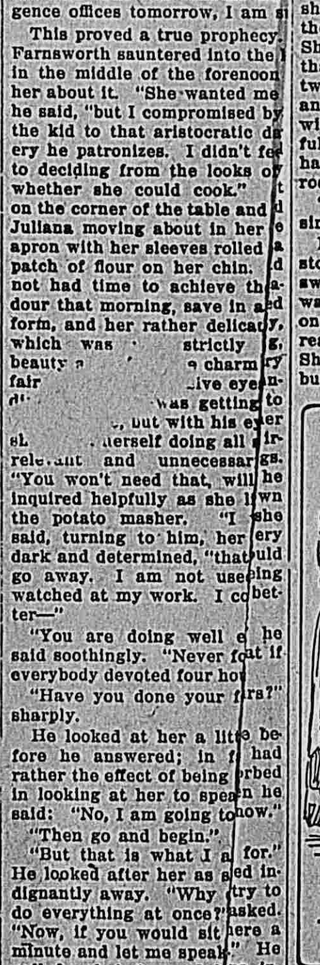
"I find it difficult to get started on my articles," wrote Juliana in her notebook the next evening. "I wonder if it is Socialism that makes Mr. Farnsworth haunt the kitchen. None of the Socialists that I met at the Settlement House were especially interested in cooking."

"No material for articles, yet," she added the next evening. "I know Mrs. Wentworth longs to be rid of me, but she can't get a cook. I would leave her if she could, and go somewhere else. I must get my facts this week or I won't get home for Christmas. Mr. Farnsworth gets up and builds the kitchen fire. Wouldn't that make a fine item in an article on 'Why Servants Won't Stay?' I can't make him stop. Mrs. Wentworth is nearly wild but she doesn't even know how to boil potatoes. She is a southern girl and absolutely helpless. My Domestic Science lessons come in most conveniently just now."

"Mrs. Wentworth had two pretty girls to dinner," she wrote the next night. "They are having music in the drawing-room now. I found a book on Socialism just inside my door when I came up. I've been looking it over but it doesn't explain Mr. Farnsworth's building the kitchen fire. Mr. Farnsworth's appearance of having been much read, either. A love poem Heine dropped out of it."

"I really must go," wrote Juliana a day or two later, "even if the family starves to death. I'm not getting anything done, and in spite of all efforts and Mrs. Wentworth's Farnsworth continues calmly to the greater part of his time in the kitchen. She looked positively today when she found him bringing the coal. She will visit all the agence offices tomorrow, I am s

This proved a true prophecy. Farnsworth sauntered into the in the middle of the forenoon her about it. "She wanted me," he said, "but I compromised by the kid to that aristocratic dairy he patronizes. I didn't feel to deciding from the looks of whether she could cook." on the corner of the table and Juliana moving about in her apron with her sleeves rolled a patch of flour on her chin. not had time to achieve the dour that morning, save in a ed form, and her rather delicate, which was strictly beauty a charm fair ive eye was getting but with his e herself doing all relevant and unnecessar "You won't need that, will he inquired helpfully as she the potato masher. "I she said, turning to him, her ery dark and determined, "that uld go away. I am not use watched at my work. I co better—"



Kane Farnsworth Sauntered In Kitchen in the Middle of the noon to Tell Her About It.

"You are doing well e he said soothingly. "Never f at if everybody devoted four ho

"Have you done your ra?" sharply.

He looked at her a lit e before he answered; in had rather the effect of being rbed in looking at her to spea n he said: "No, I am going to now."

"Then go and begin."

"But that is what I a for." He looked after her as ed indignantly away. "Why try to do everything at once?" asked. "Now, if you would sit here a minute and let me speak." He pulled a chair forward, na, instead of taking it, se cake board and gazed at him across it.

"I shall be greatly if you will go away," she sa ou are simply hindering me. ork in the kitchen doesn't a o anything and I don't bel t your socialist doctrines pre y time spent in trying to flirt a cook."

"Oh, Juliana! How e sighed, his eyes dancing, e added softly, "I am not try art with the cook. The cook ent, you know." He sat a minu watching the fluttering hand e tip of a little red ear. Then t across to where she was bus nding to ignore him. "You th not in earnest," he said, "bu I should very much to marry you, Julia, u would have me."

liana dropped her spoon and the sifter and the egg beater, all of h she was holding without any of how she had intended to use

nless you go away I am going," announced.

e stood looking at her, amusement, iration and other things she did stop to analyze, in his gaze. "You e much sweet unreasonableness, ana," he said; and then with an- look he went away.

Christmas tomorrow," wrote Juli a few days later, "and I am still go and she unbent sufficiently to lore me to stay just over Christ- . Mr. Wentworth comes tomor- He was delayed somewhere on siness. Mrs. Farnsworth spent the rning trying to make me tell ere I live, but I was firm. I intend t they shall never know."

Juliana had her morning undisrbed. Mrs. Wentworth succeeded keeping her brother employed until e triumphantly landed him in the rriage to accompany her and his mall nephew to the station. Juliana t her Christmas dinner ready to the st detail, taking the greatest pains. t least Mrs. Wentworth should rea- ze what a good cook she had lost. hen she ran upstairs to dress. She ot out a tailored linen bought for n emergency and did her hair in the road gold brown braids that in their implicity added piquancy to the dain- y charm of her face. Then she ulled it all down again and piled it p into the tremendous pompadour he had effected since going out to ervice, and she put away the hand- some gown and donned one which, plentifully adorned with lace, had cost $3.98 ready-made. She was going to play fair with Mrs. Wentworth. Even then she parted from her reflection in the new mirror with a smile. But when she ran noiselessly downstairs intent on the finishing touches, the carriage had returned and Mrs. Wentworth's door was ajar. Her voice came from it, a mingling of horror and tears. Evidently she was seeking the first opportunity to pour her woes into her husband's ears. "And do you know," she said, "he actually wants to marry her. Isn't it too awful? He actually wants to marry her!"

Very scarlet were Juliana's cheeks when she reached the kitchen, and very dark and angry her eyes. "I shall go immediately after dinner," she said, "and I'll never see any of them again, never, never, never!" She went into the dining room to see that everything was in order. The two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her indifferently without speaking. They w beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room.

"Oh, Mr. Farnsworth, do come and sing," she heard one of them say.

Redder grew Juliana's cheeks. She stood a moment. Then she started swiftly for the back stairs. There was a limit to human endurance. No one, it seemed, was able to read the real worth under a $3.98 exterior. She reached her room out of breath but determined. It was too late to



Mrs. Wentworth Spent the Morning Trying to Make Me Tell Where I Live.

don the linen dress but there was a simple and ravishingly becoming home gown of soft Indian red. In an incredibly short time she was in it. Next the hair came down and went up again in a hurried but artistic mass. Then Juliana, her eyes as brilliant as her cheeks, returned noiselessly to the kitchen just in time to hear the peremptory tinkle of Mrs. Wentworth's table bell. She seized the platter and with head held high pushed open the dining room door and entered.

For an instant she did not see the man at the foot of the table. For an instant he did not see her. Then he looked up and their eyes met. And into the soft babble of voices and laughter broke two cries.

"Juliana Favrille!" cried the master delightedly.

"Billy Wentworth!" cried the maid amazedly.

As in a dream, Juliana saw the dazed faces of Mrs. Wentworth and her guests. Then Billy took the platter from her, only to place it on the nearest chair, and was holding both hands.

"I thought you were in England, Billy," she said helplessly.

"Just back," said Billy. "Didn't let any of my friends know. Wanted to surprise 'em—sort of Christmas gift, you know. I've been five years away from this blessed country. Think of it. Told the firm I couldn't stand it another minute. Not but what England is all right, in its place. I met Marion over there, you know. She was—by the way"—with a sudden great increase of astonishment—"how



"I Thought You Were In England, Billy."

on earth did you and Mario come acquainted?"

Juliana dropped her eyes to hide their shamed hilarity. "We're not exactly acquaintances," she said. "I am—working here."

Mr. Wentworth's happy fell. His troubled voice invited confidence. "My dear, dear Juliana," said, "what has happened?"

Mr. Farnsworth arose from his place and came across w they stood. "Don't worry, Billy," he said. "Miss Favrille has been masquerading. It's up to you to make give her reasons."

Juliana avoided a glance his direction. Her answer was Billy. "It was for articles," she sa "Magazine articles on the Domestic Service Problem. I didn't know was your house, Billy." But by had gone off into happy and ntinued laughter.

Mrs. Farnsworth spoke, grim, resentment and relief—she w who the Favrilles were—mingli in her voice.

"Bring another chair, Ka," she said. "If Miss Favrille—"

"Miss Favrille will serve the rest of this course," said Mr. Farnsworth. "Discipline must be maintained. I will help her." He opened the door and waited for her to pass t before him.

"Kane insisted she wasn a servant," came from Mrs. Wentworth's aggrieved, apologetic voice.

"So, she's the girl!" xploded Billy's jolly one. "Why, n dear, I wanted to marry her myself hen she was eighteen."

Kane followed Juliana wn the hall and closed the kitchen door behind them.

"Will you marry me, Juliana?" he said.

Juliana succeeded in freeing one hand and took a step in the direction of the stove.

"Not until after dinner," he said.

Christmas Tools.

Mrs. B.—My little boy wants a tool chest for Christmas, and I suppose I must get him one.

Clerk—Yes, ma'am; here's our Christmas special. It's just the thing for you.

Mrs. B.—These tools appear to be so flimsy, though. Surely, they can't be very strong.

Clerk—No, ma'am, that's just it; every one of 'em will break before the child can do much damage with 'em.

A Perennial Present.

Mrs. Caller—You surely don't give your husband a necktie every Christmas?

Mrs. Athome—Oh, yes, I do! And the poor dear never seems to know that it's the same one!

AS GAMES THE CHILDREN

...is of Merrymaking for ...ttle Folks' Holiday Party.

ADELE MENDLE.

...nas play and make good cheer
...nas comes but once a year."

...ristmas time the children ... bubbling over with the spirit ...the season and the grown ...oughts turn to the little ones' ... amusement at no time more ...the happy Yule Tide.

...a little thought and prepara... children's Christmas party ... made such a joyous affair that ...ppy memories will linger with ...ung folks for many years.

...e are some entertaining games ...will solve a problem for the per... mother who perhaps is wonder... "What shall I have the children ...at the party?" For when she ...ls her "Come to my Christmas ...y" invitations, she knows that a ...cessful children's party means ...mething more than just "ice cream ...d cake."

These games will appeal to all the ...hildren—the timid little girl, who is ...nclined to shrink in the corner, as ...well as the big boy, who usually oc...cupies "the center of the stage."

Santa Claus' Reins.

This game is very exciting. Three pieces of white tape, each about an inch wide, and the length of the room, are held at one end by three children. Three others are given pairs of scissors and at a signal the players cut the tape in half lengthwise. The one who first reaches the opposite end of the tape is the winner of that heat. The different winners contest until the champion is declared. Boys and girls, you know, love racing competitions of all kinds and this race is one that probably they never played before.

Magic Music.

Although this is a game that perhaps the mothers and fathers played when they went to kindergarten, it still causes much laughter and is always successful.

One child leaves the room and the others decide upon something for him to do on his return. The musician regulates his playing, and the child must guide his actions according to the loudness or softness of the music. It is astonishing what different tasks are accomplished after a little practice, and the children's cries of "let me go out next" prove their enjoyment of "Magic Music."

Guessing Holly Berries.

For this game the child must put on his "thinking cap." Hold a large sprig of holly in your hand and allow the children to look at it for a few minutes. Then tell them to write their estimate of the number of holly berries on the branch. You might take a chrysanthemum also and ask them to guess how many petals in the flower. Great interest is shown when the petals are counted.

A Christmas Doll.

The idea of this game is to see who can make the prettiest doll out of a long smooth potato, two pieces of pretty colored tissue paper, some small sticks for legs and arms, and some pins. Or if you would rather pass clothes pins and let the children fashion dolls out of them, that will also answer the purpose.

Place all the dolls in a row when completed, and have the children vote for their favorite one. You will be surprised to see what ingenuous results the clever little fingers produce.

A Noisy Game.

Yes, it is noisy, but the children have an idea that "the more noise, the more fun," and what mother cares if "the roof comes down" at a Christmas party?

After a child leaves the room, a proverb is chosen. One word of it is given to each child. If there are more children than words contained in the proverb, then two or more children are given the same word. When the child outside the room returns, a leader counts "One, two, three." At the "Three" all the children shout their given word. The child must guess the proverb.

Santa Claus' Grab Bag.

On the invitation state that each child is to bring something to the party that he or she no longer cares for. This article is to be in a neatly wrapped and tied parcel, so as to hide its identity. It is placed in a large bag, on the child's arrival. Each child then draws a present from the bag. Uproars of laughter follow the opening of the packages, which probably will consist of peculiar articles of all sizes and descriptions.

A Christmas Mix-Up.

Provide the children with paper and pencil. Give them the following list of words pertaining to Christmas. You see the letters are all twisted. It is their interesting task to straighten them out.

Key and list:

1. Christmas—Atschsmri.
2. Reindeer—Drierene.
3. Sleigh—Ileghs.
4. Mistletoe—Etlosmtie.
5. Holly—Oylhl.
6. Plum Pudding—Upimdpudgni.
7. Santa Claus—Asculatsna.
8. Candles—Lcdnesa.
9. Stockings—Kosctsign.
10. Jack Frost—Kcajtrfso.
11. Wreath—Trhwae.
12. Snowball—Ownslabl.

What Santa Claus Doesn't Like.

This is a simple and successful game. All the children are seated except one who says "Santa Claus doesn't like C's. What are you going to give him instead?" The first child replies with a word that does not contain a "C." For instance: "Meat" would be a correct answer, but "rice" would not do. If a correct answer is not given by the time the leader counts "ten," a forfeit must be paid. And we all know the fun of redeeming the forfeits.

A Peanut Race.

At one end of the room place two bowls of peanuts, and at the opposite end two empty bowls. Two children are each provided with a knife and at a signal they place as many peanuts as they can on the blade of the knife, and carry it to the empty bowl with one hand. Depositing the peanuts, they return for more. Each child is allowed three minutes. A score is kept and the one who has the largest number of peanuts credited to his name wins the prize.

Puzzle Pictures.

Pretty pictures taken from magazines, advertisements and discarded picture books are cut up into several pieces and placed into envelopes. A good idea is to write the same number on the back of the envelope and all pieces belonging to one puzzle, so that if a piece gets mixed with the others it can be readily returned to its own set.

Each child is handed a puzzle, and as soon as he succeeds in placing the pieces in their proper position he is given credit for it by the score keeper, and receives another puzzle to work with. The one who succeeds in putting together the most pictures in a stated time receives a well earned prize.

Snowballs.

This is an amusing game. Snowballs made of cotton batting and covered with white tissue paper and a small basket are required. The players stand about eight feet from the basket. The one who tosses the most balls into the basket is the prize winner. Each child might be given three snowballs to start with.

A Christmas Spider Web.

Take as many balls of twine as there are children expected at the party. To one end of each ball attach a card bearing the child's name and to the other end an inexpensive gift. Twist the twine around the different objects in the room. Give each child the twine and card bearing his name. At a signal all begin to unwind the entangled web. Great is the fun and loud the exclamations when the young people arrive at the end of their string and find a gift awaiting them.

A Pop Corn Party.

If you don't mind the "muss," and of course you won't, have a pop corn party. Have the children sit in a circle on the floor and provide each with a bowl of popcorn, a needle and some coarse white thread. Tell them that the one who strings the largest popcorn chain before the time is up will win the prize. Each young guest takes home his own string of corn.

An Impromptu Entertainment.

When the children are tired of romping, let them sit on the floor in a circle and tell them you are going to have an entertainment, and that each child must do something to help make it a success. The youngsters will provide a variety of numbers for your impromptu program, from nursery rhymes to fancy dancing.

Artists.

Bring in a good sized blackboard and have the children see who can draw the best Santa Claus. This will afford much pleasure for the littlest ones.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

JUST REVERSED.



"I s'pose your husband went to Christmas dinner dressed to kill."

"No; he was killed to dress."

A Christmas Stocking.

It is not always the gift itself, but the way in which it is presented, that commends itself particularly to the recipient. To the girl who thinks she is too old to hang up her stockings, send a pair of silk stockings, having one to fill, and roll up the top and stick it in the foot. The rest of the stocking should be filled with inexpensive trifles—a home-made cravat, tie or collar, a handkerchief, some candy, nuts, raisins, crab apples, a card or a calendar, perhaps some article kindly hints at her hobbies and will amuse her. Each of these articles should be wrapped separately in tissue paper and red ribbons. In the excitement of opening the numerous small packages will often exceed the pleasure taken in one large gift that would have cost no more than the numerous small ones.

Just a Warning.

If you are going to spend the Christmas holidays with the family of your small niece and nephew, don't forget to make the youngsters a present of a drum and trumpet.

THE MAN WHO KNEW SANTA CLAUS BEST



DR. CLEMENT CLARK MOORE AUTHOR OF "A VISIT from ST. NICHOLAS"

VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I fled like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



DECORATING DR MOORE'S GRAVE

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Although Usually Broken They Often Result in Something Worth While to the Maker.

At the close of the year a great many men and women review the events and experiences through which they have passed, and resolve to profit by them during the coming year. Many a man "turns over a new leaf," and many a woman emphatically declares that she will abandon this folly and that. So many fail in their resolves that New Year's resolutions have become a subject of jest.

Yet while there may be a humorous phase of the subject there is certainly a more serious one than some appear to believe. It makes no difference whether it is New Year's eve or any other eve, there has to come a time in the lives of all when there is an accounting with self. It is only through such accountings that men and women find themselves, learn to know themselves and, knowing, become what they should be.



Rev. Dr. Talmage used to tell the story of a young man who annually devoted New Year's eve to a review of the year ended, concluding with resolutions which he seldom kept for any great length of time. Lying lazily back in a comfortable Morris chair, this young man would smoke a cigar, think over the year, and make his resolves. One New Year's eve he thought and smoked until, half dreaming, he fancied he saw in the smoke as it curled upward the word "resolutions." His fancy led him to serious consideration of how many of his resolutions had really gone up in smoke. He was astounded, and made one supreme resolve that they should no longer end in smoke.

Each time he told this story Doctor Talmage assured his hearers that this young man was today one of the foremost business men of New York city, a factor in its commercial life and a powerful agent for good in many directions. The reverend gentleman made the point that although resolutions may be made only to be broken, the time must come in the life of every man and woman when they make one supreme resolve which is the making of themselves. Therefore Doctor Talmage always declared that he favored New Year resolutions even though they would be broken, because he knew that in the end they would result in something really worth while.

"GOODBY, OLD YEAR, GOODBY."

By Margaret E. Sangster.

"Goodby old year, goodby."
We've had good times together:
You gave us many a bright blue sky,
And sometimes stormy weather.

But we've had lots of fun—
We've skated, fished and boated;
And now, just as the year is done,
In school we've been promoted.

Old year, be brave and proud;
With banners floating over you,
You join the shadowy crowd
Of years that went before you.

Goodby, old year, goodby;
With "finis" to your story,
The stars shine out on high
To light your way with glory.

A LONG SLEEP.



"Yistiddy was 1913 an' today is 1914"—

"Gee! How's that? We must've slept a whole year last night."

A New Year's Wish.

My New Year wish is that all through the year the yesterdays will have contained as much happiness as you wish for the tomorrows.

A feeble voice from the sl... made both start.

"John!" whispered the sick ...

"John! It's you, dear John! I ... you would come home!"

The captor and the captive ... motionless, thrilled by the pity in ... voice.

"John, won't you come here and k... your old mother?" pleaded the voic... "I knew that I should live to see yo... again."

The middle-aged man whispered into the ear of the thief.

"Her son was killed in an automobile accident last week. Now's your chance. I'll let you go if—"

"You're coming to me, aren't you, John?"

"Yes," muttered the thief, and with unsteady footsteps he staggered toward the bed, found it, and sank down upon a chair. He felt the hand of the old woman close upon his.

"Are you John? Are you my boy? I cannot see. Tell me that you are John," the old woman whispered.

"Yes, I am John," the convict whispered back.

She said no more for a while but seemed to doze. Gently, by almost imperceptible degrees, the man in the room lowered the gas light till it was only a little twinkling flame in the darkness. And the thief sat motionless, his hand held tightly in the light clasp of the dying woman.

After a long time she roused herself. "Johnny," she whispered, "turn me so that I can put my lips to your ear." And the convict turned the shrunken old body reverently, and with a new and strange fearlessness. Then the old woman spoke again, and so low and weak were her tones that he could only grasp them by bending his ear till her lips touched it.

"Johnny," she said, "I want you to be a good boy after I am gone. I want you to be good for your old mother's sake, Johnny. There's nobody will ever love you as I have done—nobody in the whole world. You've been wild, Johnny, dear, and people have said hard things about you and called you hard names, but I knew that you were my boy Johnny, my good boy, and that you were good at heart. Promise me you'll always run straight, Johnny!"

Graves promised.

"Then I can go in peace, Johnny, dear. Kiss me." The dying woman half raised herself and Graves took her in his arms and pressed his lips



There Was Somebody In Bed.

reverently to her forehead. And not daring to stir, he remained thus half through the night.

The vital fires had burned themselves out; gently and imperceptibly the life had faded out of the old frame. The dead woman's placid smile seemed like a benediction.

Graves rose up. "I'm ready now," he said to the man.

"Go!" answered the man, pointing to the door; and the ex-convict shuffled along the carpet, his face working, his cheeks stained with tears. He halted at the door, hesitated, and shuffled back again. He went up to the man.

"I don't want to go," he muttered. "I want you to call the police. Say," he went on, in impassioned accents, "I've got an old mother like that in Mapleton, and she's alive and wants me to come home. Do you think if I went that I could ever become a man again? I've been in prison three years."

The man's hand fell on his shoulder, just as the head warder's had fallen. He seemed sorry for him; it was odd, to come to think of it, how kind men were to one another.

"My dear fellow, I believe that Providence sent you here—Providence, which is only another name for God," said the man. "Go back and face the world anew in your home town."

Why, that was just what the governor had said!

He held his hand out and the other took it and grasped it warmly. Suddenly Graves remembered. He pulled out from his pocket a handful of shimmering rings. He placed them upon the dressing table and walked lightly out of the room. He did not shuffle now, for his heart was filled with lightness and for the first time in years he was at peace.

"I'm going home!" he murmured.

The rain had ceased and the air was keen with frost. From the four quarters came the sound of distant bells. And then Graves remembered that this was the New Year.

The book was still open and the new page had been auspiciously begun.

We wish our many friends and patrons a

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

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OVERTON'S DRUG STORE

WHY EUR N SOILS ARE RICH.

(Breeder tte, Oct. 23, 1913.)

"Now co open season for agricultural s. They will commence agai ll us how many centuries behi are in the business of farming. will point to Europe and tell us ey raise much more on one acr eir long-tilled soils than we do r practically virgin fields. It entably true. But sometimes lecturers forget to point out th reason the fertility is found in European soils is because we en shipping it over as fast as ld load it on the boats.

"The genti layed by the European farmer good measure the craft of purc Last year we sent to Europe sh after shipload of phosphate m in Florida, South Carolina or ssee, every pound of which sho e been spread on American so rse than that we sent over $17 worth of cottonseed and $9, worth of linseed. The European er fed it to his beasts, sold th at a profit, and retained for h the fertility which American co d American flax had drawn fr rican soil. American oilcake en no inconsiderable factor in g the soils of Europe rich.

"Let the lec tell us to feed the oilcake at ho et them tell the dairymen of rth to look into the south for omical source of protein. Ever we take one look at Europe we gaze twice at our own America."

THE MISSIO FERTILIZERS.

How many f have a definite, clear idea as to exact mission of fertilizers? I uess at the number but I shallo so. It is certain that it is smaller than it ought to be. One asks, "What is the odds so lothe farmer sees that he gets rewhen using fertilizers, whetherows what their mission is or notis true that the "proof of the p is in the eating," neverthele these days of scientific enlight we like to have some defina what particular good the di elements composing the puddi when taken in to the human sy

Director Fraps tas Experiment Station, says thartilizer is now defined as beingbstance which contains phosphoid, potash, or nitrogen or a m of these elements, and is usan application to the soil to p the growth of plants. Prof Van Slyke of the New York Exmt Station defines a fertilizer ing any substance which, add the soil, will, under favorable cns, produce a better growth of , whether by direct or indirect on the crop or on the propertithe soil. Dr. A. D. Hall, late r of the famous English expt station at Rothamsted, says ertilizers are designed to supply encies in the soil, and for all pra purposes are to be regarded as ting of compounds of nitroge sphoric acid and potash, either or together. These three autho agree that fertilizers are the rs of available plant food sir e essentials of plant food are ni phosphoric acid and potash. in the light of the foregoing st nts let the farmer impress his with the fact, once and for a t fertilizers are the carriers of pod, and not of some mysterious ent which detracts from esse ertility.

Fertilizers are a n help in the hands of the well ed farmer. They are not all-po —they cannot take the place d work—of well prepared see —of well drained soil—of good, nor of sweet re-action in the The farmer should look upon rtilizers the same as he looks u s valuable machinery and valu horses or other livestock. The essitate an expenditure of money ame as the materials just mentio But if conditions are made righ fertilizers are used widely, expe has proven beyond a doubt th y return a large profit.

Now, how do they the soil? In a previous articl have explained how nitrogen rns, to a large extent, the rapid d strength of stalk growth; phos acid has to do largely with the ing of the crop, while potash h do very largely with the stren stalk and with the filling of the ls of corn or the tubers of pota In short, potash has a large am o do with the laying down of sta the fruit of the plant. Now fer s perform their essential functio giving an early and vigorous sta the plant growth. They const available plantfood that the tl tant plant can feed upon as soon sends its first root hairs out into oil. With this supply of availabl t food of the right kind at hand tiny plant makes a strong early and is so strong that it can r out and through its roots in ll it can attack what would ot e be unavailable plantfood, an g it into such form that it can ed by the plant.

The history of the us fertilizers has proven beyond a d that they have an essential, econ place. In twenty years, Dean of Ohio State University, te us, Germany has increased crop production over 61 per and her authorities predict th thin the next 20 years there wi an additional increase of 40 nt. The Germans say that this ease has been brought about by s er knowledge of how to till the and how to use fertilizers.

broke to a trot, telling the lady



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MAS
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IS a common istake to sup- ose that we are reatures con- rolled by reason. n reality, we are the children of impulse. Our en- vironment often forces us to con- clusions which seem to be based upon reason, but are due to a mul- tiplicity of out- ward sensations impinging upon

a reasonable being, I 're fallen in love with It was an illogical use it made my presi- achelors' club, which ree years before, ex- in—or, at least, it it uncertain.

more desirable than had every comfort, in d fellowship; and the re all members did not m the society of wom- gave a zest to that so- seemed to surround us onal safeguard.

th's father had left her s. She owned the ich our club was quar- gent had called on me eks before Christmas to e must either sign an- ars' lease, or vacate on January. There were us, and we had already s in the constitution— should be immediately any member got mar- knew Miss Galbraith, all in love with her; but an had been sufficiently successful—to break the

enson, our vice-president, Miss Galbraith one night; rd, in the club rooms, we

re, old man," I said, "it e that you are taking Of course, you don't care money; but you can't play re. Why, the future of this ends on your keeping away t girl!"

e a nice man to talk," said "What in the world are you round there? You ought to tter example."

ourse, you ought," repeated cott, coming up. "Why, I had some sense of hon- or about it myself; but when I saw you going, I made up my mind that I might as well go, too."

"That's the way you fellows all reason," I said hot- ly. "Why, during the week, the en- tire club is around at Miss Gal- braith's! The oth- er night we couldn't get a quo- rum to discuss the renewal of our lease. At any mo- ment some mem- ber may get her."

I said this with- out much fear. I had reason to be- lieve that if the club was disband- ed, it wouldn't be anybody's fault but my own.

"She's bothered to death," I added. t's a shame, fellows, for able-bodied en like you to annoy a young girl ke that!"

I felt so sympathetic about it, in- eed, that the next afternoon I called n Miss Galbraith to learn the facts.

"Is it true," I asked, "that the fel- ows in my crowd come around here onstantly? I suppose it must be so, s I meet them here all the time. hat's the reason why I came this fternoon," I added softly. "The even- ngs are too crowded."

The dear girl looked tired.

"Yes, it is true," she replied. "You now that twenty-two young men, con- tantly succeeding one another, are ather trying."

"It's wearing on you, isn't it?" I said.

"Dreadfully. I am going away."

I experienced a sudden shock of ain.

"Oh, don't say that!" I exclaimed. 'll do something about it. I'll make them pass a resolution that they aren't to call so often—say, one man a week during the year. Anything to keep you here!"

"Oh, I'm only going away for Christmas!" she said, "just for a rest. Dear old New York! I hate to leave it at this season, but I know how it will be. They never could keep away, and I shall break down if I don't get a few days off."

The thought made me boil.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "This is a pretty mess, isn't it? Here's a bach- elors' club, sworn to remain single, and all of us working nights to go back on ourselves and to bother the life out of you. We're actually driving you away from town at the best time of the year. It's a shame!"

"Never mind," she said softly. "I need a change, anyway. I am going to open up my country place, and have a real country Christmas." She looked at me appealingly. "How would you like to run down there for the holi- days?"

Her words went through me like an electric shock. So I was the chos- en one! I had suspected it for some time.

"Do you really mean it?" I asked.

I could see even then the magnifi- cent stretches of country surrounding her beautiful estate, and the stately mansion in the center. Everything was there that the mind or heart could wish, and I was to be lord of it all. Not that I cared for the money—I felt that she knew that.

"Certainly I mean it. You can run down the day before and stay over for a few days. My aunt will chaperon us. Now, you must go, as I have some business to attend to."

It seemed too good to be true. For the next week I went about as one in a dream. Luck was with me, even to the elements, for the day before Christmas dawned unclouded, and gave me the opportunity to run my car down to Miss Galbraith's instead of taking the train, which I detest.

It was only a seventy-mile run. I ar- rived at six o'clock. As I stepped into the hall, I noticed an unusual com- motion. Suddenly, from behind a pil- lar, a form sprang forth. It was that of Fenson.



"Hello, old man! All the boys are here!"

"The boys!" I exclaimed. "What the deuce do you mean?"

At that instant I gazed around me. The hall was piled with merchandise, like a warehouse. Boxes of candy of every conceivable shape mounted to the ceiling like a pyramid. A mass of the latest holiday books towered aloft on the other side, and in the center were flow- ers, ranged in geo- metrical masses. Her Christmas gifts.

"Good heavens!" I cried again, as, from all the four corners of the es- tablishment there issued, one by one the twenty-two members of my club. "Can it be?"

They sorrowfully grouped them- selves about me, and Fenson, burying his head on my shoulder, almost wept as he replied:

"Yes, old fellow, it is too true. She has invited every man Jack down here to spend Christmas with her, and an hour ago she skipped back to town all by herself!"

There was a solemn pause. The truth was painful, but we felt that we must meet it like men.

"Boys," I whispered, "we could fol- low her back; but, inasmuch as we are all in the same boat, I move that we stay here for the holiday and have a ripping old time, and that the secre- tary be immediately empowered to tel- ephone her agent that we will take another three years' lease."

"Second the motion," said Fenson.

And it was carried unanimously.

(Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

LOOKED THE PART.



Stranger (in the wild west)—Who acted as Santa Claus in your camp last Christmas?

Alkali Ike—Cherokee Charley. We tarred and feathered him fer hoss stealin'.

Christmas Proverbs.

Santa Claus makes the heart grow fonder.

A fair exchange is no Christmas gift.

The kissed girl doesn't dread the mistletoe.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half spends Christ- mas.

A pretty girl needs no mistletoe.

A Christmas present in the stocking is worth two in the store window.—Woman's Home Companion.

Great Mystery Solved.

"Papa, what does Santa Claus do between Christmases?"

"Hides from his creditors."

A LITTLE RUNAWAY

By AVIS INGALLS.



OF COURSE there was snow, newly fallen — what would Christmas be without that? And sleigh-bells, all a tinkle, and cheery greetings and gladsome songs on every hand, and there were clear twink- ling stars now above the house- tops looking down from a deep blue sky and, of course, bustle and hustle, and the necessary hullabaloo that makes Christmas the adorable holiday that it is—but—and here is where my story comes in.

On a quiet street there class of houses stood a trifle away from the shopping district and the street car lines, a little pressed against the window-pane, and two large tears rolled down over a straight little nose. Other little girls were joyfully looking forward to this happy season, but Elizabeth Rockerby felt sadly at a loose end. Out of place as she stood in black velvet and lace in her grandmother's huge draw- ing-room. She had overheard the par- lor-maid and the upper house-maid, in a whispered conversation.

"The poor darlin'," Nora, the house- maid, had said. "The poor darlint! And is it Christmas the little one's after havin'? Not a bit of it! Don't ye believe it! And the poor lamb! that solemn and alone like in her black dress—"

"Think of Cook Ruby rigged out like that!" said Ellen. "Do you think she'd stand it for minute? Not on your life; she'd be down under the table pulling Miss Liz's tail; and she'd be teasing her mother for goodies, when she got that! But this pale-faced mite, passed from one calculating relative to another, till she hasn't got a speck of zzip left in her. Do you know what Ruby'd do? She'd run away!" and Ellen laughed outright at the thought.

It was here that Elizabeth had slip- ped into the wide recess, her pulses throbbing.

If Cook's little girl could run away why shouldn't she?

Elizabeth had not known it could be so cold where she got out into the night; but there was a friendly twinkle, and the shop-windows looked so pretty with their tinsel drapings and red paper bells that she almost forgot the cold as she went eagerly from one gay section of toys to an- other, and the companionship of children, as she rubbed shoulders with ragged newsboys and pinched-faced little girls who gazed quite as eagerly as she at the Christmas dolls hold- ing outstretched arms to the passers- by.

"Are they—are they to sell?" she asked timidly of a little girl who held her father by the hand and stamped her feet to keep them warm.

"Sakes alives!" said the other, in astonishment. "Ain't that one with the black curls too cute for any- thing!" she cried, gazing at it with wistful eyes.

"Could we buy and—and buy it?" asked Elizabeth earnestly.

"'Course we could, if we had the ninety-eighths."

"Come, quick!" said Elizabeth, and, grasping her incredulous compan- ion by the hand, she plunged into the store. "Tell with the black curls!" she stammered. "May I buy it for this little girl?"

"Sure," said the salesman.

Elizabeth had a dollar bill out of her little purse and watched curiously the child fondled the doll tenderly in her arms and walked out, forgetful in her delight to say "thank you" and the baby sister toddled after.



Out in the street again Elizabeth saw two small faces with their noses pressed to the window pane, the next showing where sticks of candy lay in fascinating rows, and chocolates and gum-drops were heaped in tempting amids, with trays of fudge and fondant and kisses-candy in between.

She stopped and, without any hes- itation this time, gave them each a cent.

Her change purse was empty now, her exhilarating occupation gone, and she stood, a forlorn little figure in her ermine and velvet, on the corner of the crowded street.

She had remained thus for some lit- tle time when she heard a quick step behind her and she was quickly grasp- ed by strong but kindly hands and swung on the steps.

"So-ho!" cried a big man, who had come up the street. "It's Mistress Elizabeth Rockerby! What are you up to, Betsy?"

"Cousin Bob!" gasped Elizabeth.

"Yes, 'tis Bob,' and now, 'cry your little sister!"

"Run away," faltered Elizabeth.

"Well, come along in and I'll intro- duce you to the cousins," said Cousin Bob jovially, and then I'll 'phone 'em and tell them that it's our turn to have you."

And Elizabeth snuggled her fingers happily in her big cousin's hands as she stepped forward into a new life.

His Busy Night

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins



CHRISTMAS Eve was always a busy night for Mr. Thomas Patter- son. He had in- variably done the biggest business of the year at that time, except for three succes- sive Christmases spent under the conservative reg- ime of the peni- tentiary.

Mr. Patterson was frankly, and on the whole successfully, a burglar. He did not take from the poor; he had never found that worth while. His victims were always those who could afford to lose—and to have. It cannot be claimed that he belonged to the chivalric type that abandons loot in order to save the baby, or, touched by feminine gentleness, re- turns gems by mail the next day. Nor was he the burly ruffian for whom the timid look nightly under the bed. A little black grease, and he might have passed for a plumber's assistant.

It was not ignorance of the hours kept by the rich that started him out as early as ten o'clock that evening. Tom read the society columns to good purpose; he knew that if the Kitt- ridges were giving a Christmas Eve ball, among those present would as- suredly be Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Whitt- timore and their daughter, Miss Evan- geline Whittimore, who would proba- bly be charming in rose chiffon and pearls. This meant that the Whitti- more house would be empty of the Whittimores that evening. A careful inquiry into the ways of the Whitt- more servants suggested that most of them would be off the moment the carriage had left the door. It looked such a pleasant opening that Tom de- cided not to take a confederate with him, but softly let himself in by a window in a shadowed angle, selected earlier in the day.

He found himself in a dining-room, dark except for the light in the hall beyond. Riches glimmered dimly on the sideboard, but Tom seldom both- ered with plate. Crossing the room with the noiseless agility of a cat, he paused by the door.

The silence was absolute; not even the ticking of a clock could be heard. After three minutes his head drew back with somewhat the movement of a turtle's, his jaws came together, and he deliberately scuffed one foot along the polished floor, producing a dull, indefinite sound that might mean anything. Again the tense listening; then, with a businesslike quietness wholly free from slinking, he crossed the hall and went swiftly up the great, dim stairs.

The Whittimore Christmas presents, still lurking in drawers and desks, of- fered an unusual- ly wide selection, and Tom browsed peacefully among them for half an hour. Then, add- ing to his pocket collection Miss Evangeline's jew- el case and two hundred dollars from Mr. Whitti- more's desk, he slipped down the stairs again and made the mistake of pausing in the dimly lighted drawing-room to see if he had overlooked any- thing important.



It was just the faintest little mouse- like click, but it meant a latch-key in the front door, not twenty feet away, and Tom had to act on the instant. The only refuge was a heavy plush curtain suggesting a concealed door, and he darted behind its folds. The door was locked on the other side.

The front door had opened now, and any change of position was impossi- ble. Tom blessed his leanness, find- ing that by standing straight in the narrow space he made no perceptible bulge in the plush. With his pocket knife he deftly slit a peephole in lime to see a young woman come with quick, cautious steps into the room. Obviously this was Miss Evangeline.

She was panting a little, her hands pressed nervously together, her teeth working at the lower lip. She began to pace up and down, very softly, with tense excitement in every line. Sud- denly she paused, listening, her eyes directed straight at the plush hanging. Tom, nerved for a feminine shriek, poised himself in readiness to set out at the first note; but she turned and went swiftly to the front door. An in- stant later she came back with a young man.

"Well?" said the newcomer quickly.

She drew away from the arm he had put about her.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!"

She laid imploring hands on his arm.

"But do you think father is tyranni- cal? That it's silly to wait three years, when we're sure now? That we have a right to do it, if we're will- ing to be poor and—and all that?"

"I can't tell what I think. I want you so much that I don't trust my own judgment. It has seemed to me that he was—unfair. I could be bolder if only I didn't realize how utterly un- worthy—"

"Don't!"

She ran to him, and he took her into his arms.

"Now I will run and get on another dress; you wait here," she said. "And, dear, I am going to bring my jewels. They are truly mine, and if we are too poor—"

"I hate to have you take them," he protested.

Tom also hated to have her take them. The case was at that moment in his right-hand pocket, together with several other trifles from her dressing table.

"I'll be back in five minutes," she was saying, drawing away reluctant hands.

When she had gone as far as the door, Tom took charge of the situation. He threw back the curtain, lifting a cautioning hand at her faint scream.

"If you want to keep this quiet from the servants, no row, please," he said with dignity. "I'm sorry, young feller, but I'm a detective employed by the lady's papa to stop this very thing—see? I have to do my dooty."

The young man stared helplessly, Miss Evangeline clutching at his coat.

"But—but—" he stammered.

"You see, the old gentleman got wind of it and asked me to step around," Tom explained. "He don't want any fuss.

The young man's color had changed from dismayed white to angry red.



"I will not," he said clearly. "If he does that sort of thing—"

"Exactly," echoed Evangeline proudly. "We will wait till my father comes home, and have it out with him. Detective, indeed!"

They sat down on the couch and glared at Tom. It made him uneasy.

"Lookee here," he began confidentially, "you seem like a pretty nice young couple, and I ain't one to spoil sport. If you want to skin out just as you are now, inside of sixty seconds, I don't know but I might—look the other way, see?"

"We don't wish anything of the kind," said Miss Evangeline haughtily.

The young man merely stared; he was evidently preparing speeches for her father. Tom edged toward the door.

"Well, I dunno as I need to wait, then. Family rows is for the family only, I say. I done my job, and—"

"Hold up!" commanded the young man. "I wish you to stay. Here!"

Three swift steps had taken Tom to the front door. He clutched it open—and nearly landed in the arms of Miss Evangeline's mother and father. Their portly presence left no loophole.

"Thought I'd save you finding your key, sir," he said. "I done my job—but the young folks is pretty mad."

"When it comes to shadowing us with a detective, sir," the young man began imposingly; then temper over- threw diction. "I'm hanged if I'll stand for it!" he burst out.

"Detective? Are you crazy?" he ex- claimed.

Tom fell back a step toward the dining-room. "Oh, if you want to go back on me, sir, I ain't nothing to say. But I stopped this here elopement and I've earned my pay. I'll call for it to- morrow."

He achieved another step. Mr. Whittimore seemed short of breath.

"Elopement? Detective? Good God, Vangy, I never hired a detective in my life. It's some infernal blun- der!"

"Well, here he is," said Miss Evan- geline coldly. "If you will let us get married, we'll overlook it. Other- wise—"

She drew herself up, and Tom achieved another step. The old gen- tleman's temper began to show signs of wear.

"Marry any one you please! But for mercy's sake don't say I—"

A scuffle and a crash interrupted. A whirling heap on the floor resolved itself into Tom Patterson on his back, with Miss Evangeline's lover kneeling on his chest, a hand at his throat.

"Sorry to make a row," apologized the young man breathlessly, "but I caught on just in time. He's a sneak thief!"

"You seem to be a—a fairly up-and- coming young fellow," stammered Mr. Whittimore.

"Look a here, Mr. Whittimore," broke in Tom peaceably, "you don't want all this in the papers."

"All what, you scoundrel?"

"Elopement in the Four Hundred—Miss Evangeline Whittimore, daughter of—see? Now you got the swag, you got the girl; what more d'you want? Outside a police court, I ain't likely to talk. You think about it."

His captors did think about it, with dismayed faces. The two women on the stairs exchanged horrified glances. Mr. Whittimore pinched his chin, scowled, sighed, then nodded heavily. Slowly and reluctantly, the last pocket emptied, the young man arose from Tom's chest.

Two minutes later Mr. Thomas Pat- terson, hurrying through the dark, smiled to himself as he inserted care- ful fingers into a remote crevasse of his structure, where the contribution from Mr. Whittimore's desk still lurked in a compact wad.

"They didn't know I had that," he reflected, "but I guess I'll keep it for hush money. Two hundred dollars is more'n that young dude earns in an evening, anyhow!"

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A CHRISTMAS STORY



I SPENT a happy Christmas eve
At blithesome Ennedale,
And sitting by the cozy hearth,
I listened to this tale.

Old Thomas told it — he had seen
Some seventy years or so,
And over many lands had been
A roamer to and fro.

"When I was but a boy," he said,
"There dwelt not far from here
A woman young in widowhood—
Her name was Helen Vere.

"One child she had—a little boy—
I scarcely need to say
He was her only earthly joy,
Her comfort night and day.

"Oft would she stroke his golden hair
And sigh, and say, 'Ah, me
Oh, weary, weary was the day
Thy father went to sea!'

"One day he to his mother said—
'I long so much to be
A sailor, as my father was,
And sail the wide, wide sea.'

"She gave consent, although her heart
Was bound up in her son—
'It may be better for us both—
O Lord, Thy will be done.

"'You won't forget me, my dear boy,
When far away, I know,
So with my blessing and my prayers,
Go, my own Willie, go.'

"Ten long, long years then rolled away,
And sorely Helen pined;
No letter from her son had come,
No news of any kind."

Here Thomas poked the fire, and made
The flames leap high and clear—
"Now I must shift the scene," he said,
"And tell of Willie Vere:

"When Willie left his mother's home
He shipped on board the 'Tyne,'
And all went happily and well
Until they crossed the line.

"Then on them burst a furious storm
That fiercer grew each day,
Until upon a lonely isle
The ship was cast away.

"And when the raging storm drew off,
Its work of havoc done,
Of all the crew but one survived,
And Willie was that one.

"For two long years he strained his gaze
Across the wide, wide wave,
But never came a friendly ship
To succor or to save.

"For two long years his only food
Was shell-fish from the shore,
And sea-birds' eggs, and leaves, and fruit
The feathery palm-trees bore.

"The long third year drew near its close,
And it was Christmas Day,
Poor Willie sat upon the shore—
His thoughts were far away.

"A hand is on his shoulder laid,
A loud voice greets his ear—
'What, mate! who would have thought to find
A human being here?



"'Don't cry, my man, but come on board,
Belay your thanks and fuss.
We're sailing for a land of gold,
So come along with us.'"

Here Thomas poked the fire, and said:
"Again shift time and scene—
'Tis Christmas Eve at Ennerdale,
The wind blows wild and keen.

"Poor Helen crouches o'er the fire
And shudders at the storm;
The latch is lifted, at the door
There stands a manly form.

"'I've been a wanderer,' spoke the man,
'On many a far-off shore;
I've traveled twenty thousand miles
To look on home once more.

"She rose up slowly from her chair,
Her lips no words expressed;
She flung her arms around his neck
And swooned upon his breast."

Here Thomas poked the fire, and turned
His face to hide the tears
That filled his eyes, whene'er he told
The story of the Veres.

And then he said with trembling voice—
"No words can tell the joy
Of Helen when she looked again
Upon her long-lost boy.

"They left the poor and humble cot
That had such sorrows seen,
And dwelt together in one home
Down by old Hazeldean.

"Old William Vere, whom I knew well,
Has often said to me—
Whene'er I read my mother's Bible
I took with me to sea,

"'I feel I never can forget
That pious mother's love,
Or ever cease to render thanks
To God the Lord above.'"

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C. W. HILL, Manager.

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS IN THE CITY STORE

Standing of the contests for the piano, sewing machine, watch and toilet set for the wedding, December 3, is as follows:

Contestant's Number.	votes				votes
1	35000		92		116950
2	193335		93		11325
3	6000		94		49965
4	6270		95		13985
5	301875		96		10250
6	13185		97		10525
7	8450		98		10025
8	291235		99		190775
9	17750		100		12275
10	65000		101		12450
11	42825		102		13350
12	479960		103		14625
13	9000		104		12325
14	11000				
15	39000		105		10675
16	10000		106		11950
17	13000		107		11825
18	36035		108		12525
19	10000		109		13125
20	11000		110		13150
21	38250		111		10275
22	26010		112		11175
23	144705		113		118350
24	11850		114		9975
25	31025		115		13725
26	9150		116		13595
27	35605		117		9815
28	11550		118		10015
29	12000		119		13000
30	3009975		120		12950
31	7000		121		11775
32	12200		122		11250
33	15000		123		12625
34	12500		124		13495
35	13000		125		9500
36	17000		126		9825
37	10250		127		10625
38	13000		128		7275
39	14200		129		11125
40	13850		130		13250
41	16000		131		14125
42	32840		132		12125
43	10000		133		13425
44	10565		134		10875
45	33600		135		11495
46	12445		136		10370
47	14525		137		14835
48	14750		138		10660
49	67205		139		1625700
50	14250		140		15125
51	25635		141		11475
52	14250		142		11375
53	10850		143		10875
54	12000		144		13250
55	16595		145		1679400
56	19100		146		11075
57	38220		147		12125
58	154235		148		10875
59	17550		149		10775
60	46806		150		13425
61	15975		151		13275
62	15000		152		13530
63	16575		153		18825
64	15525		154		10575
65	13350		155		13125
66	44635		156		2848805
67	15000		157		10275
68	15225		158		13125
69	11785		159		12735
70	12700		160		12825
71	16000		161		2000
72	35650		162		
73	5000		163		
74	15560		164		
75	13050		165		
76	40350		166		
77	14475		167		
78	14950		168		3
79	16450		169		
80	13725		170		
81	13450		171		
82	10725		172		
83	10950		173		
84	11825		174		27
85	1264130		175		1
86	11725		176		1
87	15225		177		11
88	13925		178		15
89	11425		179		133
90	31845		180		14
91	11625		181		587



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22 lbs granulated sugar	$1.00
Gold Medal Flour	1.20
8 lbs Rolled Oats	25
4 cans sweet corn	25
3 cans peas	25
3 large cans tomatoes	25
Kellogg's Corn Flakes	07
2 pkgs yeast foam	05
Baker's Premium Chocolate lb	30
Richilieu or Oriole seeded raisins	09
Thompson's seedless raisins	09
4 large cans Lion evaporated milk	25
4 lbs xxxx powdered sugar	25
10 lbs buckwheat flour	35
Fancy full cream brick cheese lb	20
Fancy full cream cheese lb	20
3 lbs roasted coffee for	50
3 lbs bulk starch	10
27 oz glass jar jam	25
4 oz Chapman's vanilla extract	35
Kerosene oil, 5 gal lots	40

Candy, Nuts and Etc.

Broken mixed candy, very best grade... lb	07
Peanut molasses brittle lb	10
Wrapped Caramels lb	08
Filbert Fudge lb	15
Dipped carmels lb	16
Chocolate creams lb	14
Stick candy lb	08
Cream and molasses taffy lb	12
Fancy oranges doz	15
Choice new crop mixed nuts lb	19
Baker's German sweet chocolate ¼ lb	05
Salted peanuts lb	12
Fancy layer raisins in boxes lb	15
3 jars peanut-butter	25
3 cans Heinz apple butter	25
8 oz bottle Monarch grape juice	10

House Furnishings

Glass water tumblers per doz	15
Set of 6 coffee cups and saucers nicely decorated	60
36 piece Imported china tea set, nicely decorated per set	2.50
Large Cold Blast lanterns	59
4 Cold Blast lantern globes	25
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6 inch stove pipe damper	05
Glass genuine star cut water jug and 6 star cut tumblers	1.00

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We offer a large salesman's sample line of Lined Gloves and Mittens at 25 per cent off of regular prices.

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1.00 mittens	75
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BATTERSHALL'S

GRAYSLAKE, ILLINOIS

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

By THOMAS L. MASSON.



"I WANT you to promise me that you won't give me any Christmas present this year." Mrs. Whittier looked at her husband emphatically. "I mean it," she asserted. "Absolutely."

"And you won't give me any?" replied Whittier experimentally.

"Positively. Now is it understood?"

Whittier, who just going out, shut the door, e back, and sat down in front of wife.

My dear girl," he said, "I am glad you have brought this up, because may as well settle it now as at any er time. You know that for years have been doing this sort of thing ery Christmas. About this time we h declare that we won't give each her anything; then, just before ristmas, we sneak out, and each of buys the other a present. This year will be the same. We will promise ithfully not to do it; but, just as sure fate, we shall break our word."

"In view of this alarming fact, that we are apparently the slaves of a early habit, what have you to suggest?"

"Simply this—that we each of us agree now to buy the other a present."

"I know that you will get me something I don't want!"

"And I know that you will do the same; but isn't that what we have been doing all along?"

"Then I don't see that we have gained anything."

"Haven't we? Why not? Aren't we doing it openly? Think of the moral uplift!"

Mrs. Whittier shook her head.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think it would be much better for us to select ourselves the presents we want. If you like, you can come with me while I get mine."

"Nonsense! That won't do at all. It is absolutely necessary for us to carry out the element of surprise. There is some sneaking, contemptible trait in human nature which makes us want, once a year, to surprise others. That is at the basis of all Christmas giving. It's a kind of impulsive, irresponsible attitude which impels us to buy something that we delude ourselves into believing the recipient is crazy for; while all the time we ought to know that it's probably the last thing on earth he or she wants. Would you rob us both of this fiendish pleasure? Never! The only thing to do is to be natural. I therefore announce to you that I am going to surprise you with a present; and you must promise to do the same with me."



Mrs. Whittier considered.

"Well," she said at last, "I suppose that is really the best thing for us to do, and I hereby agree to do it." When Christmas eve came, therefore—the time when the Whittiers were accustomed to "spring" their annual surprises—each of them bore that perfectly confident and identically joyful air which usually preceded the presentation of something we think the other person has been longing for.

Whittier advanced with a smile.

"My dear," he said, "I have the surprise of a lifetime for you."

"Oh, do tell me!" said Mrs. Whittier, with a hypocritical air of gaiety and anticipation, although inwardly she shrank from the ordeal. "I know it is something that I want!"

"What do you suppose it is?" her husband cheerfully inquired.

"Haven't the least idea."

"Well—it is—it is—guess!"

"Oh, I couldn't! Tell me, quick!"

"Well, it's absolutely nothing. Now, isn't that a surprise?"

Mrs. Whittier burst into tears.

"You horrid thing!" she exclaimed. "I shall never forgive you!"

"But—"

"Don't you know that it isn't the value of the thing. I might not have liked it; but the thought that you had tried to please me would have been everything. I didn't do that to you!"

Whittier, beside himself with sudden remorse, sprang to her side.

"I was only joking," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Honest, I was only joking. What have you got for me?"

She drew from a neighboring closet a dressing-sack, over which Whittier went into raptures, all the time feeling like a criminal. Then, with a solemn air, he drew from his pocket a twenty-dollar bill.

"If you don't like it," he said, "you can exchange it for something else."

Mrs. Whittier shook her head.

"You didn't intend to give it to me, and I'm not going to take it now," she said. "It was an afterthought."

"But—"

She folded it up and put it back into his waistcoat pocket.

"I'll forgive you this time," she smiled; "but remember, my dear, that it is very much better to go on year after year giving each other things that we don't want than to attempt to break up an old habit; which, after all, foolish as it seems, is founded upon a genuine human sentiment."

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A MEMORABLE TREAT



THE colonel sat comfortably in his chair and gazed dreamily through a hazy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.

"Ha-ha! colonel. At last I've found you looking sad!" And a friend who had come up from behind and slapped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and sat down. The colonel leaned farther back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings poured from beneath the carefully trimmed white mustache.

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throngs, "set me to thinking of how in my country schooldays we big, bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy.

"'I'll think about it,' he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to.

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt—doubly hurt to think that a supposed friend would treat us so. We silently waited till the noon hour, and when luncheons had been hurriedly gulped, two of us were detailed to get him away from the school house on some pretext or other. They succeeded, but he didn't stay long, as it was a cold day and there was snow. When he found the door locked he rattled the knob and called:

"'Open the door, please! It is I, Mr. G——!'

"'Sorry,' one of the boys replied through the keyhole, 'but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before we let you in.'

"'Come, boys, come,' he said sternly. 'It is too cold for joking. Let me in at once!'

"'We're not joking; we yelled back. 'We want a treat. Go to the store and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in.'

"For answer he pounded on the door and thundered:

"'Boys, I order you to open this door! Will you obey me?'

"'Treat!' was our ultimatum.

"Followed several minutes of silence and suspense, then he called to us:

"'Well, boys, I suppose the besieger instead of the besieged will have to surender. You may open the door. I will treat.'

"The door was opened slowly, cautiously, for we were doubtful, almost distrustful, but he was miling.

"'It is all right, boys,' he assured us. 'I have promised. We might as well close now till after the New Year's holiday. While I am going for the treat I want you all to get your books ready so I can lock the school house. I hope to be back with your treat within an hour.'



"Then he started in a brisk walk toward a little country town about three miles away.

"It was a few minutes after two o'clock when a bobsled, drawn by a big, iron-gray horse, gay with sleigh-bells, glided up before the schoolhouse door. Mr. Teacher, looking as pleasant as any of us, jumped out and said:

"'Here you are! I am going to leave you to yourselves to enjoy your treat,' he explained, as he hastily fastened the window shutters and shut up the stove. He then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. By that time the boys had unloaded the boxes, and Mr. G—— at once resumed his seat on the sled.

"'Merry Christmas to all!' he shouted.

"'The same to you!' we chorused.

"We immediately assailed the boxes. The lid came off the box marked oranges first, and one was grabbed and the tissue wrapping removed. Then there was a wild yell—'Potatoes! Nothing but old potatoes!'

"We glanced sheepishly at the big girls' who were holding their breath. In a tremor of dread we took the top off the box labeled candy. Oh, utterly shattered hopes! The box was full of nice white candles!"

The ample shoulders and girth of the colonel's friend shook freely.

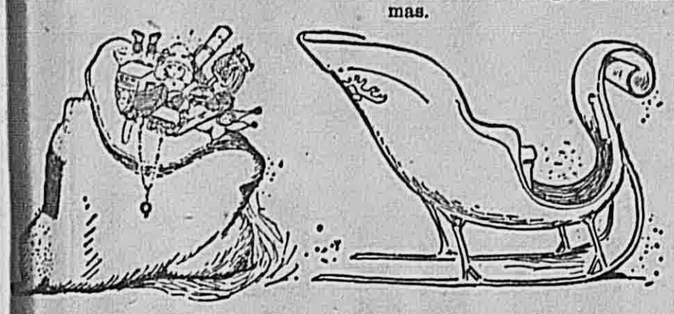
"Um," he said. "He was some teacher."

"You bet," agreed the colonel. "If we boys had had money enough I think we'd have come pretty near to buying him a gold watch."—Detroit Free Press.

A SANTA CLAUS RHYME

By IDA KENNISTON.
Pictures by Fanny Y. Cory.

This is the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

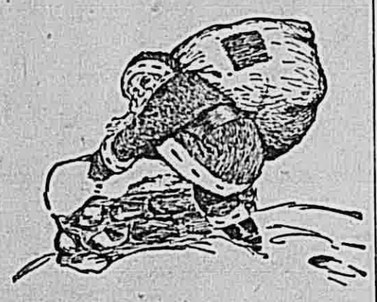
These are the Reindeer
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



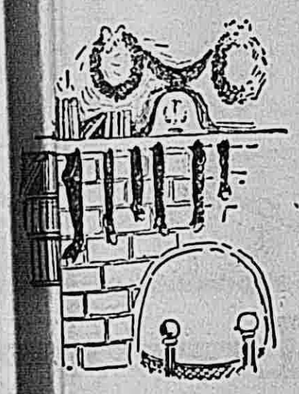
This is the house
Where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



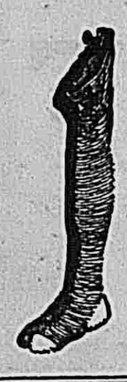
This is the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the house where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Stocking long and fine
That little girl hung at the end of the line
There the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.
From St. Nicholas.



HER TOKEN OF LOVE

By S. E. KISER.



"WELL," said Julie Allison, when her husband had gone upstairs, after tossing a package upon the library table, "I wonder what this is?"

She did not permit her curiosity to remain long unsatisfied.

"For goodness sake," she ejaculated to herself, with the package undone, "if he hasn't gone and bought a whole year's supply of neckties! And I was going to get him neckties for Christmas. That's just the man of it. I don't see why he couldn't have waited a little while. Let me see. I suppose I'll have to get him a fob or something like that, now."

It was on the following evening that Frederick Allison suddenly turned to his wife, after dinner, saying:

"Oh, Juliet, I want to show you a fob that I bought for myself today. It's just the thing I've been wanting for a long time."

Juliet's enthusiasm over it was much forced, as her husband might easily have seen, and perhaps did see. After they had dropped the subject she happened to glance at his scarfpin and a new joy sprang up within her. She would get him a scarfpin for Christmas, for his old one was rather out of style and never had been an expensive one, anyway.

"By the way, dear," said Allison the next evening, "I bought something today that I'd like to have you look at."

Of course, it was a scarfpin. Juliet knew it would be the moment she saw the tissue paper package which he fished out of his vest pocket. She pretended, with a brave heart, to think it was very pretty, but she fancied that she could have made a better selection if he had only permitted her to have the chance.

At the office Allison had told the boys of the splendid plan he had hit upon for the purpose of keeping his wife from buying impossible things in the shape of Christmas presents for him, and it was with great satisfaction that he reported day after day how he was progressing.

Christmas was only a week away and Juliet lay awake a long time that night trying to think what present she could get for her husband. There were the new books, but he had informed her that he didn't want books. They had all the standard works in the library, and he never read any of the modern novels. Ah, a happy thought came to her. Somewhere she had seen a metal box in which cigars could be kept fresh and moist. She would get a box of that kind for Frederick, dear old fellow. It happened, however, that Frederick came home the next evening with a metal cigar box and enough cigars, as he cheerfully informed her, to last him all winter. Then it was that the iron entered Juliet Allison's soul. She decided to give up the idea of making her husband a Christmas present that would be in any wise distinctive. She would merely get him a pair of gloves and perhaps a few handkerchiefs. Hardly had she adopted this resolution, however, before he turned to her saying:



"I happened to be in Witherspoon's this afternoon to get some shirts, and I thought I might as well lay in a supply of gloves, handkerchiefs and suspenders. They'll probably be sent out tomorrow."

"I'm so glad," replied Juliet. "You need gloves and handkerchiefs, too. Of course, I don't know so much about your suspenders, and I suppose you bought all the half-hose you'll—"

"Yes, I forgot to mention that. I got a dozen pair."

"And you have all the cuff buttons and studs and such things that you need, haven't you?"

"Enough to last me a lifetime."

She went back to her chair and sat for a long time gazing at the flames which flickered around the gas log. The daily paper was lying on the table at her elbow, and her glance at length fell upon some large black letters which presently resolved themselves into words. Then she read this advertisement:

> UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS OUR TEETH AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Get Your Dear One a Set Now. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
> MOLAR & CUSPID,
> Up-to-Date Dentists.

On Christmas morning Frederick Allison was somewhat surprised when his wife handed him a small plush case, saying:

"There, dear, is a set of things that you probably didn't think of when you were buying everything you thought I might possibly want to give you for a present. You don't need them yet, but you probably will some day, and I thought it would be nice to get them now, seeing that they were offered at a bargain."

He opened the case, looked at the set of teeth it contained and said:

"Lets go to breakfast. I want to bite into something."

LITTLE CHOIR SISTER



THEY called her the Choir Sister, because she was the daughter of the Choir Mother. Children have mothers to mend their clothes and see that their faces and hands are clean before they march into church. The Choir Mother was the wife of the janitor of the church where the choir sang, and so kind was she that all the boys loved her.

It was easy to like the Choir Sister, too, because she played ball with the boys before rehearsals. And those nights when the Choir Master let them invite their friends in for games she was the girl most of them wanted for a partner.

So anyone can see why the boys were blue when Ricky Jackson, her brother, came into the choir room Christmas eve and said:

"Mil" (short for Mildred, her real name) "isn't going to have any Christmas!"

The boys stopped right there, some with their choir clothes only half on. If they didn't find out right away what was the matter with the Choir Sister, the Christmas eve service would have to go without their singing.

So Ricky told how she had come down that morning with a funny tired feeling, and sniffling and hot cheeks, and had to stay in bed, and how she cried when she thought of the tree she was going to miss.

You can see why that Christmas eve service was not as happy as it should have been for these boys. Afterward, when the tree was lighted with the starlike candles and the Sunday school room was filled with boys and girls opening their presents, each choir boy was thinking of the Choir Sister, lying there at home, wishing she could be with them.

Next day people in church thought the boys sang the Christmas hymns better than ever. But the people did not know that just before the boys marched in the Choir Master had told them a plan by which the Choir Sister would have a Christmas she would never forget.

At evening the janitor's doorbell rang. The Choir Mother opened it, and in came the Choir Master and a lot of boys with red cheeks and smiling faces. Back of the others four of the biggest boys dragged through the door a small Christmas tree.

They set the tree up in the parlor. Everyone was still for they didn't want the Choir Sister to know anything about it till it was all ready. Soon the candles were in place, and the trimmings, and they lit the candles, and each boy placed a package under the tree, and then a wonderful thing happened!

The door opened and the Choir Mother and the Choir Master walked in, carrying between them a little stretcher, and upon that lay the Choir Sister.

You should have seen her face! You could almost see the light of the candles sparkling in it, so happy was she! The boys held their breath, wondering what she would say. Her little cheeks glowed as she sat up straight and held her arms out toward the tree. And her eyes sparkled as she cried:



"Oh! my Christmas tree!"

Then she turned to the boys, and said:

"Oh! My Dear Choir Brothers!"

Then she cried a little, just because she was happy, and some of the boys sniffled a bit, just because she was crying. Then there was all the jolly fun that goes with a tree.

But soon they took her away. She was so tired that she fell asleep right after they put her back in bed. She dreamed that she saw a flock of sheep with their shepherds on a great plain. Suddenly there was a great light from above and she seemed to hear angels singing.

She awoke. The singing did not stop. She arose and opened the window.

There, in the moonlight under her window stood her Choir Brothers with lighted candles, like the Christmas carol singers of Old England. They were singing this hymn:

"Hark! the Herald Angels sing."

When the verse was finished the Choir Sister leaned out and called down to them:

"Brothers, you have made me love God a whole lot more. A merry Christmas to you all!"

"And to you!" they echoed.

As the Choir Sister crept back to bed she heard the voices of the boys die away in the distance. Then a chime of bells somewhere out in the great snow-white world rang out the very hymn the boys had been singing and the Choir Sister fell asleep.

A Christmas Motto.

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

DIARY R CHRISTMAS GIFT

Peculiar Show

Pleasing Remembrance bsent Friend Was In ind of Donor.

On T giving day a man sat down a an to write to a distant friend. he wrote only a few lines, an it aside. The next day he took e pen, put down the new date, d fashion, and wrote some item s of interest to them both

So from Thanksgiving till Chri added something to the letter would in a diary, ending it just in time to read hd on Christmas morning. top he had written this mes

the gift you get from me; but it carries more thou and more love, I imagine, some more costly ones I am But just put it in your pock all January day. It will keep

s a letter from a man to a mon and Pythias, David and still live in our prosaic Ame iness world.—Mother's Mage

PRESENTS BOUGHT FOR SHOW

Exploiting One's Own Vanity In Bestowal of Gifts Is Poor Policy.

The most miserable Christmas present, the kind that no human being is rich enough to afford, is that which is bought to make a show, to exploit one's own vanity.

When you are tempted to buy a "show off" present, remember that the recipient has some rights. One who understands will be made unhappy by that kind of gift. You know yourself that when you receive a present that represents a great sacrifice on the part of the giver it makes you feel miserable, even when the right spirit is behind it.

The cost in money is about the poorest of measures for any kind of a gift. The thoughtfulness in it, the recognition of a desire for things unasked for, the affection that goes with it, counts for much more. Every Christmas each of us receives a message that means more than the most expensive gift. Yet we forget that sometimes in the perplexing selection of presents for others.—Woman's Home Companion.



SHOES



High or low, button or lace, in patent, vici, gmetal or suede

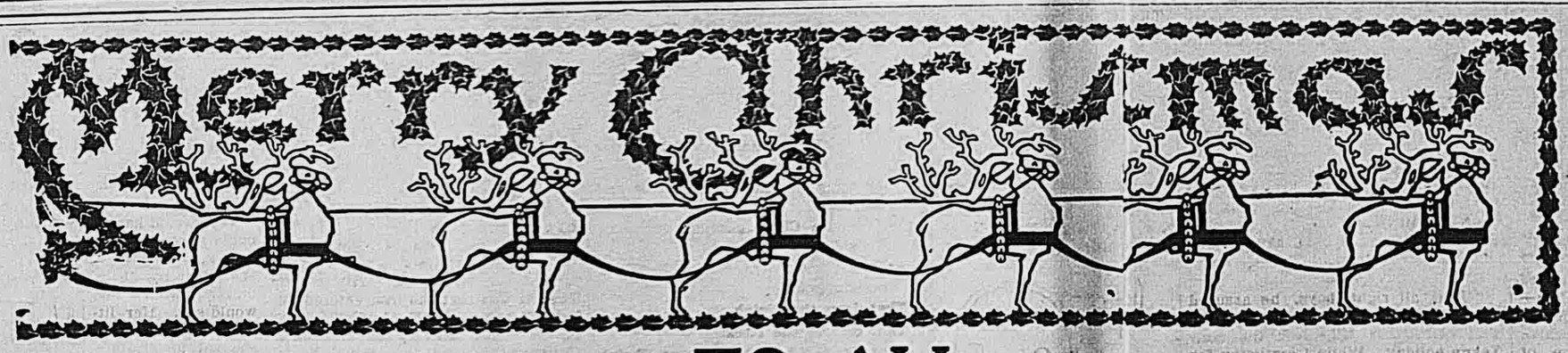


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Work " " "	$2.00 ', "	Work shoes " "	$2.00 to $2.50	tter grade, at	$3.25
Overshoes " "	$1.00 " "	Good school shoe, at	$1.75	ci in Red Cross, at	$3.50
Rubber boots " "	$3·75 " "	Arctics, at	$1.25	nmetal button Red Cross, at	$3.25
Hycoles, lace or 4 buckle, per pair	$3.00	Good quality rubber boot, at	$3.00	nmetal bal Red Cross,	$3.50
Cannot be duplicated anywhere for same money.		Best on the market for the price.		nmetal, Cloth top, at	$3.00
				nmetal leather top, at	$3.00

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HER CHRISTMAS GIFT

By DOROTHY DIX

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IT was Christmas eve, and Alice Maitland sat alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, putting the finishing touches on the gifts she was to bestow on the morrow. She tied the last bit of scarlet ribbon about a jewel box with mathematical precision, tucked a bit of holly under the bow, and pushed it away from her with impatient weariness.

"There," she exclaimed, surveying the heap of packages that littered the table and the couch; "there, thank goodness, that's done! I've done my duty by my family and remembered every one that is likely to remember me, and I have worn myself to a frazzle, and brought on paresis trying to find things for people who already have everything there is. Let me see," she continued, taking up the packages one by one and checking them off with a smile that was half sad, and half cynical.

"Let me see—here is a silk smoking jacket for Uncle Joseph, that he will never wear, and the Sevres cups that Aunt Maud coyly hinted would be an



"I Don't Believe I Have Forgotten Anybody I Love."

acceptable reminder of the blessed season to her; the string of pearls that Adele has been openly admiring for months, and a check for Jack for his college larks—one's relatives aren't bashful about letting one know what they want, and that is a comfort, at any rate, at Christmas.

"Then, um-um-um, a gold bangle for Mayme Winslow that she will take right down to the jeweler's to appraise, and a tortoise shell and ostrich feather fan for Sally Stinton; she'll be sure to send me something, though she hates me, the little cat, and a couple of bronzes for dear old Mrs. Bullion, though where she'll put them in that overcrowded house of hers I'm sure I don't know, and—oh, things for the servants, and steins and etchings for the men who have been nice to me—and—er—I don't believe I have forgotten anybody I love, or who holds a kindly thought for me."

She paused abruptly, pushed the gay litter of costly trinkets away from her with disdainful hands, and with a sudden rush of tears, buried her face in her arms on the table.

"Yes," she murmured brokenly to herself, "there is one that I have forgotten, and he is the one in all the world that I have remembered most, and to whom I would give all if I dared," and then she sat still.

"Why do you not send him some little trifle, just a token that you have not forgotten the old days?" suggested her heart.

"Never," said Pride.

"Even casual acquaintances may exchange gifts at Christmas," urged her Heart, speciously.

"He would cast my gift back at my feet," said Pride.

"Christmas,' said her Heart, "is the time of peace on earth and good will towards men. It is a time when old wrongs should be forgotten, when old wounds should be healed, when broken ties should be mended, and hearts estranged should be reunited. Why do you not kiss and make up, as children do?"

"What!" cried Pride, "and be flouted once more?"

"You were very tired of the old, empty life, with its monotonous rounds of insipid gayety," went on her Heart. "You were that loneliest and most forlorn of human beings, a great heiress and an orphan. All your life you had had everything you wanted, except the thing you wanted most of all—sincere and disinterested love. Your father and mother had died before you could remember them, and you had been left to the care of a cold uncle and aunt, who thought that they had done their entire duty towards you by seeing that you were properly fed, clothed and educated, and implanting in you a distrust of every human being who came about you.

"You never knew the joy that other girls had of being liked for themselves. When suitors came you were told they were fortune hunters. People, in speaking of you, never praised you for any charm of your own, or any grace, or accomplishment. They always said that you were rich, and you wondered sometimes if they knew how their words hurt, or how it must seem to a girl to come to believe that there was nothing about her that could win love—that she must buy it with the money she hated.

"Finally you began to realize that your whole nature was being warped by your environment, that your soul was being atrophied, and so you ran away from it all. You persuaded dear old Mrs. Bullion to take you away as her hired companion to a little quiet place, where no one would recognize you. You wore plain little cotton gowns, and snobs who would have flunkied before the rich Miss Maitland snubbed and ignored you, but there was a man who saw the woman's heart under the shabby gown, and the woman's brain under the common hat, and he loved you, and asked you to be his wife. "We shall be very poor," he said, "for I have my way yet to make in the world, but, please God, we shall fight the battle out shoulder to shoulder."

"You remember," went on her Heart, "how, with your head upon his breast and his arms around you, you planned out the future—the little house, with the rose above the door, the dear little economies, the struggles, and the final success, and you drank deep of the cup of joy, for you knew life had made you rich at last, for you were loved for yourself alone—loved as a woman would be when a strong man trembles at her touch, and his smile grows soft and tender only for you. Then, at last came the time when you had to tell him that you were none other than the rich Miss Maitland—"

"And he went white as death when he listened, and said that had he known it he would never have asked you to be his wife," interrupted Pride.

"But it was then too late," triumphantly cried her Heart; "he loved you, and nothing—not money, nor position, nor anything, could change that. You came home," continued her Heart, "and your worldy wise uncle and aunt called him a furtune hunter, and said that he was going to marry you for your money. You did not believe them, but, by and by, as you plunged into the old life, with its sordid striving and selfishness, and disbelief in all that is high and true, the old distrust began to creep up and poison life again."

"He should have trusted your love," said Pride; "he should have known that you were merely playing."

"His life," said her Heart sadly, "had not taught him how to play. It had all been hard, bitter seriousness, and so when he saw you smiling into this other man's eyes with the counterfeit of the look you had worn when your head lay upon his breast, he thought that you were faithless and loveless, and that you—you who had so much—had come down out of your high estate to rob him of the little he had, and to make life worthless."

"Then," said Pride, desperately, "I came and flung back your promise in your face and told you that he was ashamed to have loved so poor a thing."

"Love does not go at any man's bidding," sighed her Heart; "you saw him the other day. He looked ill, and worn and poor. Tomorrow will be Christmas day—"

"Think—" began Pride; but Miss Maitland had risen up with a look on her face of great and exceeding joy.

"Think, I can think of nothing but my love!" she cried.

The next morning Miss Maitland arose early, and spent much time at her desk printing a large placard in bold and unmistakable letters. Then done, she donned a simple little gray gown, much affected by her the summer before, and over this she threw a long cloak. An hour later she directed her astonished coachman to drive her to a certain building on one of whose upper floors a struggling young lawyer was, at the moment, engaged in diligently scouring with his eye the photograph of a comely young woman. As she reached his office door Miss Maitland's courage wavered and sank, but taking a death grip upon it, she hurriedly passed the office boy, and before she knew it was in his presence.

"Alice!" he cried, starting to his feet; but she did not wait for him to speak.

"Tom," she said, hurriedly, "I—I have come to bring you a little Christmas present," and with that she dropped the enveloping cloak aside and pinned upon her breast with a large placard with the inscription:

FOR TOM.

WITH ALICE'S LOVE.

"You darling," he murmured, folding her in his hungry arms.

"It's so hard to know what to get for a man, so I just thought I'd be myself," she said, hypocritically; "oh, Tom, please don't send this present back, and change it." But he stopped her mouth with kisses.

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Harold Carter

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

TWO bats, six Teddy bears, three balloons six boxes of lead soldiers," the head nurse counted. "And a football. Who wants the football?"

"Johnny Ward," answered Nurse Blair, half crying and half laughing. "Isn't it pitiful, Miss Gough?"

Nurse Gough set down her pencil and the memorandum and looked at the other wonderingly. "A football!" she reiterated. "Then he doesn't realize?"

"No, poor little fellow. Would you give it to him, Miss Gough?"

"What would the mother think?" the head nurse asked, and then Nurse Blair ceased all pretense and dabbed her handkerchief against her eyes openly.

"Let's ask Dr. Keith," she answered, and that solved the difficulty for the time being.

Johnny Ward was eight years old and had been in the hospital for nearly five weeks, ever since he was knocked down by the baker's wagon while playing upon the street almost in front of the hospital entrance. He was quite helpless below the waist, and would always be so, said Dr.



"I've Brought Him This—and These."

Keith, after the operation, unless—well, miracles had happened and such cases had got well before. So he said nothing to the pretty young mother who came day after day, wistful and patient and always hopeful. Of late she had begun to suspect that her only boy, her stay that was to be in later widowhood, would never have the building save in a wheeled chair. But she kept her fears to herself, and nobody had had the heart to tell her.

And Johnny wanted a football for Christmas present!

"Well," said Dr. Keith gruffly, "why couldn't he have one if he wants it? Isn't there enough money to buy a football? Why, I'll buy him one myself. What sort should he have? What are they made of? It's a long time since I was a boy myself," he added, in self-excuse.

"Why, they're made of pigskin, don't they, doctor?" answered the nurse. "But you don't understand. How can we let him have a football and let his mother see him with it, and him lying there so helpless? It would be inhuman, doctor."

"Hum! I'll take the matter under consideration," the doctor answered.

But a few minutes later he was asking the head interne, "Where would you go to buy a football?" He put down the address in his memorandum book, and the interne looked at him in wonder, for football and Dr. Keith seemed somehow unassociable.

Well, here's the football, nurse," said that evening, coming into the ward. It was Christmas eve. All the children were supposed to be asleep. Here and there an eye hastily unclosed to see if Santa Claus had really come, but sleep was longer than expectation, and Nurse Blair would see to it that no gifts came to the sleepless. Dr. Keith held the paper-wrapped globe. The clerk had blown it up for him, and, without thinking of having it deflated again, he had carried it thus for half a dozen blocks. "If you think it best to let him not to have it, give it to someone else. Give him a Teddy bear," he said.

"Why, a boy that age doesn't want Teddy bears," answered Nurse Blair scornfully. She thought for a long while after the doctor had gone. At last she went softly to Johnny's bed and hung the football from the head. The little boy's eyes were closed and he was sleeping soundly. The little helpless feet made tiny mountains under the bedclothes. Nurse Blair turned away quickly.

Morning came; the ward awoke. Shouts and cries of delight were heard. The day nurses went from bed to bed, unwrapping packages. Nurse Blair had gone to her room, but she did not lie down. She came back, tired but resolute, a half hour before visiting time, and went to Johnny's side. He was playing with the ball, bouncing it upon the sheets. It had fallen down six times, and each time the nurse nearest had picked it up again and returned it.

"Johnny," said Nurse Blair, "your mamma will be here in a few minutes now."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny.

"Johnny, what are you going to do with that football?" asked Nurse Blair.

Johnny knew immediately. "I'm going to look at it and look at it and wish hard to be well," he answered.

"Johnny, when your mamma comes she will see it and it will make her cry to think of the time when her little boy was strong and well. You don't want to make her cry, do you, dear?"

"No, ma'am," answered Johnny.

"Then, Johnny," said Nurse Blair, the diplomat, "suppose we put it away when she comes and don't show it to her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. A tear stole into his eye and overflowed. He handed her the football. "Y-yes, m-m-ma'am," said Johnny, gulping. And just then the visitors came in.

Nurse Blair had taken the ball, but she had no time to conceal it before the little woman in black had come hurrying to the bedside, and she stood holding it rather foolishly and self-consciously and could not face those searching eyes.

"I've brought him this—and these," said Mrs. Ward, holding out the box of bricks and the mechanical toy. "But you—you've given him that?"

Nurse Blair stammered something, but she could never remember what it was, for the young widow had taken both her hands in hers and was looking at her in such a way as to make falsehood impossible.

"Nurse," she said, "I want to ask you something. Will he ever walk again?"

Nurse Blair was silent. They might have been alone in the ward, so closely did the hum of conversation hedge them in. Each was with her own that Christmas morning and had no thought but for hers.

"Will he ever walk? Will he ever stand?" The widow grasped the nurse's hands tightly as though clinging to her as her last hope in life. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Never—unless a miracle happens," answered Nurse Blair, and the woman's hands fell and she turned to the child and smiled. Then Nurse Blair understood why some of the Madonnas were painted smiling.

"Mamma!" said the voice from the bed, "I want to whisper something."

The widow knelt down, but the childish whisper was loud enough to reach the nurse's ears.

"I mustn't tell you what my Christmas present is, because it will make you cry."

The widow placed her arms round his neck and pressed his face to hers.

"Mamma, I want to show you something I've kept for a Christmas present for you. Sit up, mamma, and look. Look!"

Nurse Blair screamed. Dr. Keith, passing by, stopped, looked, and assumed an attitude of professional pride. His rather tired face broke into a smile.

"Do that again, Johnny," cried Nurse Blair. "Look, doctor, look! He's wiggling his toes!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny proudly. "That's why I wanted a football. There, mamma, you're crying after all!"

Something He Wouldn't Break.

Willie is a boy who is very much blessed with aunts and uncles. These use every opportunity to give him presents. Last Christmas he received so many toys that his parents, instead of giving him toys, told him he could carry out one of his cherished plans.

"Actually," said his papa, "you have more things now than you can break in a year."

"Oh, no, papa," said Willie with an injured air; "there's one present I won't break."

"Well, Willie, I'm glad there's one. Which is it?—the cast-iron train from Uncle Jack?"

"Oh, no!" cried Willie. "I can manage to break that. I mean I won't break your promise to buy me a season ticket for the baseball matches."

The Great Meaning.

Lift up your eyes to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so divinely precious that it is worthy of being an offering to God. Count it as a privilege to make your offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into his divinity, as he was born into our humanity on Christmas day.—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

GIFTS FOR TWO

By Katherine Hopson

(Copyright, 1913.)

ALL the stores along Main street were gay with Christmas decoration. Even the window of Scarvin's curio shop bravely flaunted some brilliant holly wreaths.

Edwin Lander paused before this window and stood for a long time apparently lost in contemplation of the filigree bracelets displayed there. At last he roused himself with an effort and opened the door. At his entrance, old Scarvin, the dealer, came smilingly forward rubbing his wrinkled hands.

"What may I do for you this afternoon?" he suavely asked, while his shrewd, beady eyes noted every detail of his customer's tall, well-dressed figure.

"I should like to look at something that would be suitable as a Christmas present for a lady," Lander answered briskly, but a keen observer would have noticed that his cheerfulness was forced, and in his eyes was a look of utter weariness.

"Certainly, certainly, right over here," said Scarvin, leading the way to a case where some quaint necklaces were displayed. "This amethyst one



Spread Open the Book Enticingly.

has the antique setting that is so much in vogue."

Lander gravely touched the silver links and thought: "My affair with Marguerite is what Aunt Collins would call 'between grass and hay.' It is past the candy-and-flower stage; but has hardly arrived at jewels—"

Then aloud he said: "No, I had in mind something different—a book perhaps."

"Ah, the very thing!" Scarvin dived into a dusty corner and brought forth a foreign-looking volume, whose brown leather binding was curiously inlaid with pearl.

"Early English poems, after the old missal style, and hand illuminated," the dealer spread open the book enticingly.

Lander turned over the leaves with interest. "Yes, I believe this is unique and costly enough to please even the fastidious Marguerite," his thin lips curved in a cynical smile. "I'll take it," he remarked with the brevity of the average masculine shopper when he finds something which strikes his fancy.

As he threw down a bill he was annoyed to see how his hands shook. "Burning the candle at both ends has had an effect," he thought, and as he left the shop, added: "This mixing of business and society is the pace that kills. I suppose stimulants will be the next resort."

He recalled last Christmas at his former boarding place, and of the friends there—especially Alice Gleason. Whenever he thought of her now, it was with a sense of remorse. They had been very warm friends, but since his sudden advancement in business had necessitated more commodious surroundings, he had seen little of her. He had really not meant to neglect the old friends when he began to go more into society and make new ones, but unconsciously he had drifted away from the little circle on Fleet street.

"The shabby old place seemed far more like home than my new quarters ever will," he muttered, and a realization came to him that it was Alice with her sympathetic voice and restful ways who had made it seem so. No matter how tired she might be with her day in the schoolroom, she was always ready to rejoice or sympathize.

"I'll send her some roses—the finest I can find," he declared with a sudden rush of remorseful tenderness. He entered a flower shop and bought a huge bunch of velvety American Beauties. "Send them to this address," he told the dealer and gave him a card.

Next door was the establishment of an expensive furrier, and a Lander passed the window, he saw Marguerite Fenton looking at a set of brown lynx. The rich tones went well with her brown eyes and tawny hair. As she stood there with the soft furs about her, she reminded him of some barbaric princess. Ever since he had first met her at a dinner given at the home of the senior member of the firm, Lander had been greatly fascinated, and felt that her beauty and position fitted in with his ambitious dreams. Yet, strangely enough, today her beauty did not make its usual appeal to him that mingled with her sinuous grace, was also something of feline cruelty.

"Those furs probably cost more than my month's salary," he muttered. "Her insatiable craving for luxury would fasten itself, vampire like, on the life blood of the man who marries her!"

He strode down the street, feeling that the crowded cars would stifle him, and longing for the sense of physical motion and the stinging air against his face. When he reached his rooms he found on the table an invitation from Mrs. Dane, a prominent society hostess, inviting him to attend a dinner she was giving that night.

"That doesn't fit in with the load of work I must get through with before office hours tomorrow." Wearily he laid a package of business papers on the table and rested his read in his hands. "What does it all amount to—what does life amount to?" he questioned despondently. "These people who invite me do not really care for me. It is merely because I fill in and make an agreeable dinner guest, and for that I have practically given up my old friends."

He realized that his present mood was the reaction from exhilaration of conquest which the past year of almost spectacular success had given him.

"I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel myself again." He sat up with new energy. "I wonder if she'd let me come?"

There was need to look in the telephone book for the familiar number. With breathless suspense he waited while the landlady called Miss Gleason to the 'phone, and at the sound of her voice his heart began to pound boyishly. She was serenely gracious, yet he detected a note of surprise as he asked permission to call. Then she spoke of the roses, and added:

"I can't begin to describe my delight over that quaint old English book. It filled a long-felt want for the possession of a real first edition." Mechanically he responded, questioning himself the while: "What book? Did I make a mistake and send Miss Fenton's Christmas gift to Alice? In my dogged weariness I must have given the dealer the wrong address." He thought of Marguerite's demand of the best as her due, and a sense of impish joy swept over him at the mistake which had defeated the usual order.

He sent a messenger boy with a note to Mrs. Dane containing regrets for the dinner, then dressed and hurried to the lodging house on Fleet street.

"Shurre, and you're a stranger these days, Mr. Landers," remarked the maid who opened the door. As she went upstairs to call Miss Gleason her round Irish face reminded him of a cheery full moon. He glanced at the worn old haircloth sofa, and center table strewn with magazines, the familiar shabbiness of the little parlor made the past year seem as unreal as a feverish dream.

When Alice entered she seemed to bring with her an atmosphere of serenity and peace. Eagerly he rose, then sank back on the sofa, his face went white and everything blurred before him.

"What is it, Edwin, are you ill?" she cried, in her alarm the old name slipped out unconsciously.

He passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed fashion. "No—it is nothing," he muttered. Then, earnestly, "I am tired—weary with life as it is. It is you only I want, Alice, you, alone in the wide world that I love. Is there any hope?"

His voice sank almost to a whisper, and for one tense moment there was silence in the little room. Then, by way of answer, she drew the poor, tired face against her breast with a gesture of ineffable tenderness.

In that moment, Lander felt that to his weary questionings as to what was worth while, the answer was not material success, but love which means life in its fullness.

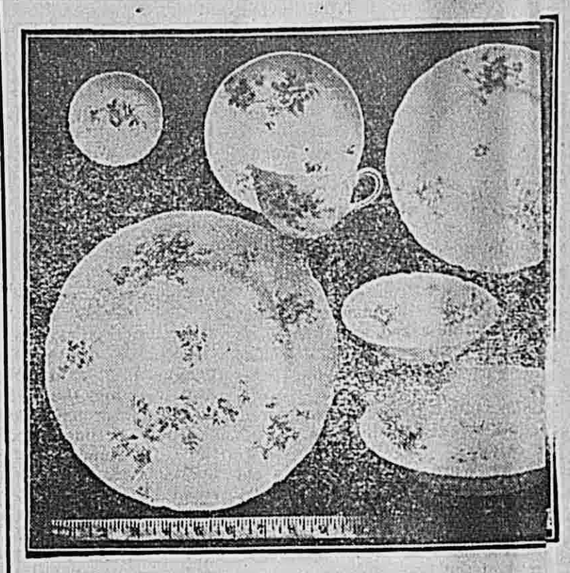
Curious Christmas Superstition.

On Christmas eve, at midnight, country people in England believe that the Christ child revisits the earth. Sometimes, therefore, if there is a sick child in the house, the mother will take the little one to the door, just before midnight, and wait till the hour strikes. If the child recovers, it is because the Babe of Bethlehem has touched it with healing fingers during the earthward journey. But if the child sickens and dies, all is well, for the mother heart is comforted by the thought that the little one was called by the Christ child to be his "playmate" in heaven.

Holiday Greetings

What Better for a Christmas Gift Tha Something Practical ?

What more pleasing to Mother than a nice new Stove? Kerosene, Gasosene or coal. Hunt has all kinds and can give you complete satisfaction. Father would appreciate some of those long coveted tools that are on display at Hunt's store. Here, too, you will find Skates and Knives for the boys, embroidery scicsors, etc., for the girls . Call and inspect our line.



This Seven-Piece Set $1.25, Till Christmaly

I wish to thank one and all for the liberal patronage accorded to me in my first year in business here, and I wish to extend to one and all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

HAPPY NEW YEAR

See Our Window Displayf Fancy China

F. J. HUNT, ntioch

Clothing Sale Bargains

We Have the Goods come and let u show you some real lrgains in Clothing an Dress Goods

Full Line of Greries

Van Patten, - Loon Lake

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

N, ILL., ...e committee ...l butter

...chool ...nor the week

...Powles ...icago visitor ...ay.

...his ...ssth you a Merry ... and ...ew Year.

...out a ...scription as a ...preset absent friend.

...a Mo...defferson Park, ...tioch ...es a few days

...A ...ver typewriter, ...priquick sale. Call ...e. adv

...s. Spafford return... ...rior, Wis., this ...orn

...to the beautiful 20... ...cete wardrobe at ...st adv tf

...If Rumley traction ...in 1 condition. Will ...Volkman.

...fence wire stretch... ...Tiffany & Felter or ...return to Frank J. adv

...n home would enjoy ...ent of the Antioch ...fifty-two letters a

...Chetek, Wis., who ...ntioch relatives for ...returned to his home

...an to do housework ...od home to right ...m. Carroll, Shaw's ...ke. adv

...ball stock of jew ... you are cordially ... Dorrance's dress... ... street, to make ...ions. adv.

... young people of ... the Wilmot-He... ...mond basket ball ... Friday evening. ...accounts the best

...anted—Highest cash week... ...t expenses. Outfit free. ...ory. Experience unneces... ...contract the fairest ever ...nder our plan you can make ... and up, over and above ...rite Hawks Nursery com... ...atosa, Wis.

...ng of the Woodman Camp ... evening. The following ... for the coming year; V. ...rrett; Adv., Norris Proc... W. T. Taylor; Clerk, J. ...ort, W. Runyard; Watch... ; Sentry, Geo. Hockney; ... Ames; Manager, N.

... D. D. S, now of Chica... ...ioch last week making ...pening of a dental par... ...nforms us that he has ...ms recently vacated by ... and that he hopes to ... in readiness for the ...office the first of the

...d, a former Antioch ...y elected treasurer of ...Congressional District ...iation. This associa... ...ith the Civil Service ...iation in securing for ...ployes an equitable

...ident occurred at the ...rs. B. F. VanPatten ...nday forenoon when ...father, known to all ...ear" fell down the ...self quite severely. ...king up he received ... which necesitated ...itches, his arm was ...inger was broken. ...ly recently moved ...ion and Uncle Joe ...as yet become fa... ...undings and when ... moment in his en... ...one room to another ...walked off the stair ...s ninty-fourth year ...ken a severe hold up...

...Thanks

I ... those who were so ... e during the sick... ness ... y wife, and es... peci... ...nished flowers.

...hanks

We ... ur thanks to one and a... ...ly responded to the c... ...unday morning, and w... willingly for the saving ...

... Jos. Sayas

Henry Herman spent a couple of days this week in Chicago.

Attorney E. M. Runyard of Waukegan spent Wednesday in this village.

Look at the little yellow tag on your paper and see if you are in arrears. adv

Mrs. Mildred Wood of Chicago spent Tuesday with her sister Mrs. Morley at this place.

All those having Universal Cement bags are requested to return them at once to F. J. Hunt. adv

Dora Van Duzer of Onargo, Ill., is visiting her parents at Maple Lawn farm.

Llody Billett left Thursday morning for Tucson, Arizona, to visit his sister Mrs. Wm. McNell.

Ben Van Duzer won the purse at the Shooting Contest at Kenosha, Dec. 11. His friends are congratulating him.

Feed Grinding—Having bought a new feed grinder I will grind feed every Monday and Saturday. Victor Chinn. 8tf adv

For Sale-Standard-bred white Wyandotte Cockrels from prize stock. Cheap Fred Bartlett, Lake Villa. 2w

The usual Christmas tree and exercises will be held at the M. E. church Wednesday evening, Dec. 24. Everybody welcome.

For Sale—Fine 1 year old Chester White boar, weight 200 pounds in fine condition. D. A. McKay, Trevor, Wis. Phone Wilmot 344.

For Sale—Fine eating potatoes 85 cents per bushel, 2 or more bushels delivered. D. A. McKay, Trevor, Wis. Phone Wilmot 344. adv

Wanted—Live animals-Wild or domestic; also any kind of poultry. Will take on consignment or buy. Apply to G. R. Lyons & Sons, Waukegan.

Sample boxes assorted, home made candies mailed post paid on receipt of ten cents. Price list furnished with samples. Orders filled promptly. Mrs. Clarence King, box 254, Antioch, Ill. 14w2 adv.

The Grass Lake school will have a basket ... on Friday evening, Dec. 19. A ... gram will be rendered. Buss leaves Williams Bros., store at 7:30. Everybody be sure and come. Belle Hughes, teacher.

M... Paige Perkinson and three children who have been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Van Duzer ... two weeks was called home ... serious illness of her sister-in-law ... has typhoid fever.

Clerk Jones has issued a license ... the marriage of Albert Larsen of Union Grove and Miss Ethelyn Robertson of Antioch, Ill. The wedding will be celebrated at the home of relatives of the bride in the town of Bristol.—Kenosha News.

The many friends of Lyman Armstrong will be glad to learn that he is quite comfortably settled at Chandler, Arizona, and that the climate seems to agree with him first class. He has engaged in some light occupation and expresses himself as much pleased with surroundings.

The Eastern Star held its annual election of officers at their hall on Thursday evening of last week. The following were elected for the ensuing year: Worthy Matron, Mrs. W. H. Osmond; Worthy Patron, Geo. Wallis; Associate Matron, Mrs. Geo. Kuhaupt; Conductress, Miss Elizabeth Webb; Associate Conductress, Miss Mabel Turner; Secretary, Mrs. Ernest Brook; Treasnrer, Mrs. Mabel Grimm.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Watson and son Leland returned home Tuesday evening from Templeton, Wis., where they attended the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Mr. Watson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Watson. The entire Watson family was present with the exception of one grandson and the affair was in the nature of a grand family reunion.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

SUNDAY SERVICES

10:30 a. m. Preaching service.
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League devotional service.
7:30 p. m. Song and Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday Prayer Meeting.

Christmas services on next Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m. Sermon by the pastor. "Peace on Earth Good Will to Men.

The topic of the sermon next Sunday evening will be: "The Funeral Sermon of a Drunkard. Special music at both services.

Christmas tree! Short program and distribution of presents next Wednesday evening, Dec. 24.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NO. 1.

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefitted by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Channel Lake Road or Lake street, Park, Victoria and Harden streets in the Village of Antioch County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessments is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is $7,048.

The amount of the first installment is $1,448.00 and the amount of each succeeding installment is $1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1913 to the second day of January 1914 and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 13th day of December A. D. 1913.

W. F. Ziegler,
Village Collector.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NOS. 2, 3, 4 and 5.

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefitted by the following improvement

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Depot street (so called), Spafford street and Ida avenue in the Village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is $4,901.01.

The amount of the first installment is $2,101.01 and the amount of each succeeding installment is $1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1913 to the second day of January 1914 and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 13th day of December A. D. 1913.

W. F. Ziegler,
Village Collector.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Names of pupils having an average of 90 or above for the month of November:

Primary room—Edith Edgar, Ada ... Norman, Wesley Conrad, ... Harold Sullivan, Regibert Herman, George ... bert Helen Kettlehut, Anfany ... bert Tiffany ... Schaffer. Miss Lux, Teach...

Th... Edward Girard, Phyllis Morle... Boudoin, Lulu Wedel, John... enevieve Willie. Third Grad... ibble, Beulah Harrrison, Gord... Antoinette Smart, Anna Wed... d Spafford, Ruth Kettlehut, ... aPlant, Elma Volkman, Daisy... s, Stella Brownell, Marion ... d. Miss Smith, Teacher.

Se... ade-Margaret Drom, Edna Rich... ladys Panowski, Louise Dupis Shultis, Merrill Sabin, Geor... n Patten. Sixth Grade—Iren... man, Genevieve Pierce, Elsie... wski, Grace Drom, Ralph Jam... ginia Radtka. Miss Bain, Teac...

E... Grade—James Horan, Anna Dro... nth Grade—Marguerite McCull... Madelyn Strang. Miss McKee... r. Espey, Teachers.

In grades not mentioned the ave... were below 90.



Drop ... the pretty ...ful gifts Santa left at

... RACKET STORE

Vacu...ers, Cut Glas... Fancy China; Stamped Li...red and Whi... D. M. C. of all kinds; Cutle... Books, Dolls, Handkerchiefs, Towels Gam...nary, Leather Novelties and Toys of all ...

CANDY and CIGARS

...ptions taken for all magazines.

IMPORTANT, READ IT

Office Fourth Asst. P. M. Genl. Washington, D. C. Nov. 5 1913.

Postmasters at rural delivery offices and rural carriers are directed to bring to the attention of patrons that it is the desire of the Department that "all first class mail matter deposited in rural mail boxes" SHALL BE STAMPED BEFORE BEING SO DEPOSITED.

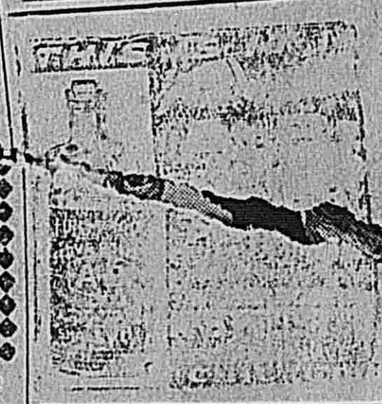
When this is not practicable, coins left in such boxes for the purchase of stamps should be deposited in coin-holding receptacles and "not inclosed in envelopes, wrapped in paper, or left loose in boxes. Postmasters and carriers should give this notice as much publicity as possible without incurring any expense to the Department.

JAMES I. BLAKSLEE.

INGALLS BROS.
WAUKEGAN
OPTOMETRISTS
Graduates of McCormick
OPTICAL COLLEGE



EYES TESTED GLASSES FITTED
ARTIFICIAL EYES



J. C. James, Jr.
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public
Real Estate
Both Farm and Lake Property

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BANK OF ANTIOCH
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Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

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UNDERTAKER
LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

Lotus Camp No. 557 M. W. A.
Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome
ED GARRETT, V. C
J. C. James, Clerk

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.
Loan and Diamond Brokers
Number 24 North Dearborn St.
Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewe... at less than cost. At half the price you p... regular stores. Dec 19 0...

SEQUOIT LODGE No. 827, A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethern always welcome.
FRANK HUBER, Sec'y
ELMER BROOK, W. M.

The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
Dora Sabin, W. M.
IDA OSMOND, Sec'y

L. G. STRANG
Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Directors
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS
Phone 311
Also Farmer's Line

Suggestio... For Christmas

When in doub... the selection of a suitable present for father, bro... or any of your gentlemen friends, what b...ace to make your choice than at

CHAS. WEBB'S

the store of Men's Fur... Goods. Here you will find a full line of

Silk Hose	Wool G... for men	Gent's combination sets
Silk Lined Gloves	Wool G... for boys	Good wool Union suits
Fur Lined Mitts	Cuff B...	Sheep lined Coats
Fancy Neck Wear	Stick P...	Fur Coats
Silk Mufflers	Fancy S... in wool or cotto...	Fancy Mackinaw Coats
Fur Caps	Boy's S...	Sweater Coats, all colors
Pearl Pocket Knives	Boy's C...	Suit Cases

All Kinds of Chr...mas Candies, Nuts, Oranges. Cranb...ries, Celery, Sweet Potatoes for Xmas...inner

CHAS. WEBB
ANTIOCH

SONG ANGERS WILSON

"DAMN INSURRECTOS" SUNG BY OFFICERS CAUSES PRESIDENT TO ORDER INQUIRY.

ADMIRAL HOWARD IS TARGET

Secretaries Garrison and Daniels Told to Reprimand Those Responsible for Act at Army and Navy Banquet.

Washington, Dec. 17.—President Wilson on Monday ordered an investigation by the war and navy departments of the satires on the administration's Philippine policy which featured the annual banquet of the Order of Carabao, an organization of army and navy officers who served in the islands.

President Wilson suggested to Secretaries Garrison and Daniels reprimands for those responsible.

The secretaries conferred and called for a statement of explanation from Rear Admiral Howard and Quartermaster General Aleshire, the highest ranking officers at the dinner.

Secretary Daniels at the same time suggested to Admiral Howard that he decline the presidency of the order, to which he was elected last Thursday, and informed him that the song "Damn, Damn, Damn the Insurrectos," which was sung at the banquet, would never be sung again under the present administration with officers of the navy present.

The president expressed his indignation to members of his cabinet after he had read published accounts of the banquet. He felt particularly displeased over the travesty on the administration's peace policy and criticisms aimed at Secretary Bryan when three six-foot models of battleships, borne by concealed boys, were carried into the banquet room.

In the muzzle of the guns were stuck nosegays, and the milk-white dove was perched on the fighting top. They were named the "U. S. S. Fellowship," "U. S. S. Friendship" and "U. S. S. Piffle."

Another satire was a moving-picture film of a three-year pursuit of a Filipino colonel, who time and again escaped capture, and hardly had been apprehended when he was made governor of a province.

The performance, according to advance statements given out by the Carabao society, was designed to show the "lack of sympathy for re... developments and tendencies... Filippine government."

President ... Wilson himself was not ...ized by the diners, but he made it ...lain to his associates that he felt keenly the burlesques on members of his cabinet. Secretary Daniels and Secretary Garrison shared the president's feeling in the matter.

Secretary Daniels said that he left the dinner immediately after making his speech in order to keep another engagement, and that the song "Damn, Damn, Damn the Insurrectos" was particularly offensive to him.

The opinion of the president and members of the cabinet is that satires cannot be objected to when coming from persons outside of the government, but to permit to go unnoticed the criticisms of officials of the army and navy is likely to be misinterpreted abroad as a severe breach of discipline.

Secretaries Daniels, Redfield and Postmaster General Burleson and Justices Vandeventer and McKenna of the United States Supreme court were among the guests. Major General Wood did not attend.

The news of the proposed investigation fell like a bombshell in army and navy circles. There were hundreds of officers present.

FAIL TO AMEND CURRENCY

Senators Reject Amendment Offered by Hitchcock by Vote of 40 to 35.

Washington, Dec. 17.—By a vote of 40 to 35 the senate on Monday defeated the first attempt to alter the administration currency bill as framed by the Democratic caucus. The vote sent to the table the first amendment proposed by Senator Hithcock of Nebraska, which would have fixed the number of regional banks in the new system at four and would have made the regional banks publicly owned institutions. With the exception of Senator Hitchcock the Democrats voted solidly for the adminstration bill and supported Senator Owen's resolution to table the Hithcock amendment. Senator ...indexter, listed as a Progressive, ...d with the Democrats. The Re...cans voted solidly for the Hitch... amendment.

...urist's Daughter Wins Divorce.

...w York, Dec. 17.—Referee Scan... recommended that a divorce be ...ed to Mrs. John Legget Pultz, ...ter of Justice Joseph McKenna ...e United States Supreme court. ... was found guilty of misconduct.

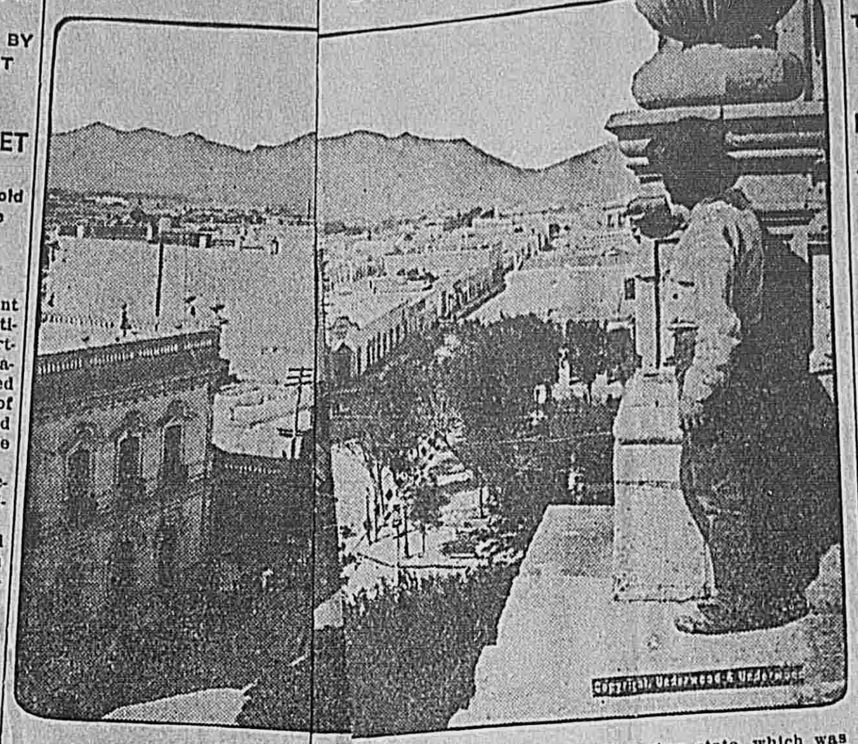
Holland Agrees to Pact.

...shington, Dec. 17.—Secretary ... announced that Holland has ... to enter into a "peace treaty" ...he United States, similar to ...k already in force between the ...nd Latin-American republics.

"Sun Cult" Chief to Jail.

...ago, Dec. 17.—Hanish, "little ..." of the Mazdazan sun cult, was ...nced to six months in jail and ... fine of $2,500 for violating the ...ral laws prohibiting the sending ...bscene literature by express.

CHIHUAH... BY HUERTA'S FORCES



A view of Chihuahua, the m... deserted by Salvador Mercado, ...eral Villa of the constitutionalis...

...pol... ...thern Mexico and capital of Chihuahua state, which was ...federa... ...ernor, with 3,000 troops and soon to be occupied by Gen...

FAST TRAIN WRECK...

PRESIDENT OF N. Y. CENTRAL CAPES AN ACCIDENT.

Fireman Is Killed—Reward of $1,... Offered for Capture of Men Who Did Deed.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 15.—Partial ...railment of train No. 16 on the La... Shore & Michigan Southern railro... bound from Chicago for New Yor... near Wickliffe, east of this city S... urday was the result of a deliberate act of train wreckers, is the belief ... Lake Shore officials. They assert that spikes had been removed from the rails. The company has offered a reward of $1,000 for the arrest of the person tampering with the rails.

Attached to train No. 16 was the ...ate car of the newly elected presi... of the New York Central system, ...dent ...th. Mr. Smith, after a visit to his aged mother in this city and a hurried western trip, was returning east. The private car was not derailed.

The fireman of the locomotive was killed.

President Smith, after a talk with the engineer, Joseph Lamb, issued this statement:

"The engineer told me that when the train was about a mile from Wickliffe the engine suddenly leaped into the air, indicating plainly that an obstruction that could not readily be seen and yet would cause derailment had been on the track. The accident is mystifying in view of this and the added fact that it was a perfectly straight stretch where the wreck occurred."

Mr. Smith helped to operate a handcar four miles up the road to a telegraph office to summon aid.

IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12.—The Harvard seniors have elected a negro, Alexander L. Jackson of Engelwood, N. J., their orator for class day, 1914.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12.—Fear of a threatened run which threatened the City National bank of Omaha has subsided.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 15.—Piers were wrecked, others badly damaged, fishing and pleasure boats carried ashore, three men seriously injured by waves. Scientists say the disturbance was caused by a seaquake.

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 15.—L. J. Moore of Salisbury, Md., and Mrs. Harry Pierce of Wilmington, a widow, were killed in an automobile accident near Newark, Del.

BOMB KILLS GIRL; HURTS 1

Head Blown to Pieces When She Opens Express Package—Office Manager Fatally Hurt by Explosion.

New York, Dec. 15.—A bomb delivered on Friday in the office of the O. K. Bottling company, 528-530 West Thirty-eighth street, exploded and killed an eighteen-year-old girl, Ida Ausewitz. Thomas McCabe, the office manager, was fatally hurt. The bomb was delivered by an expressman and when the girl opened it her head was blown almost to pieces. Nearly every window in the building was shattered.

Nation Will Build Railway.

Bucharest, Dec. 16.—The chamber of deputies voted unanimously on Saturday a credit of $85,700,000 for an extensive scheme of railway construction. This work will extend over seven years.

Want Governor Johnson for Senator.

San Francisco, Dec. 16.—Gov. Hiram W. Johnson will be asked by the executive committee of the Progressive state central committee to run for the senatorship next fall. The committee so decided.

M&A FOUND

...WORLD ...ARCH FOR FA... ...G ENDS WITH ... IN ITALY.

IS ...D PRICELESS

Britis... Once Offered $5,... 000 incl Work, But Fr... to Sell Master... piece.

Flor... Dec. 15.—"Mona Lisa," ...inci's masterpiece, the my...pearance of which from th...ugust, 1911, threw the art ...onsternation, was found in ... Friday. The man who sto...rested. He is an Italian.

The ...onde" was found when th... was offered by an Italian ... Paris to an antiquary.

Both ...d the Italian are now in c... police.

"I stole," said the man, "in order ... the thefts which Napoleon ...d in Italy."

When ...Lisa disappeared from the ... the Louvre various stories ... of its going. It is not a ...g. It is painted on wood, ...iched and the paint bad... so that little of Leonardo's ...brush work is in view, alth...ne could see the mysterious ...

Traces ...ere followed, and finally the ...cided upon was that the M...eing taken down and su...ec...aning process in secret cham... the Louvre, had been wash... from the background and ...ond repair.

The "Mo...more properly known as "...."—is one of the world's mos...aintings, and is regarded as ...

The value ...ork can only be imagined, s...ers to buy it were refuse... them one reported to have ... by the British government ...00.

FINE 5 BR...$4,000 EACH

Defendants ... Pool Federal Suit Pl...ontendure—Rec... Case.

New York.—Five defendants in the f... it against brokers who form...on pool in 1909 pleaded non ...re before Federal Judge ...nd were fined $4,000 each. ...fiants, who were charged with ...of the Sherman anti-trust law...Col. Robert M. Thompson, of ...ork; Eugene G. Seals, of Dalla...; William P. Brown and F...ne, of New Orleans, and W. ...child, of Woodsville, Texas. ...rubb in fining the defendants, did so on the same grounds ... which a $4,000 fine had been ... upon James A. Patton, of Chi...everal months ago.

German Chu...ke Growing.

Berlin, Dec. ... growth of the agitation "for ...versal strike" against the chu...causing serious serious concern; German religious dignitaries ... immediate aim of the movemen... encourage secessions, which ... have very considerable propo...rom the established state chu...

Ordered to ... Civilians.

Mayence, Ger...Dec. 16.—Sentinels on the forti...ns and artillery testing ground, ...ve been stoned and shot at for ...l nights, have been ordered to ...their assailants on sight.

Unionist W... Scotland.

Glasgow, Dec. ... the unionist candidate, W. Wats...n the bye-election for the South...rkshire seat in parliament left v...by the death of Sir Walter Menzi... liberal home ruler.

VACCINATION IS HIT

SPEAKER ASSERTS SMALLPOX IS DUE TO ITS PRACTICE.

Chicagoan Declares Vivisection In Hands of Those Without Sympathy Will Always Be Abused.

Washington, Dec. 13.—With practically every civilized nation urging its invitation upon the International Anti-vivisection and Animal Protection congress now in session here, Belgium appeared Thursday to be the delegates' choice for the next gathering three years hence.

After an executive meeting the final open session of the congress began. Porter R. Gope of Philadelphia declared that the "continued prevalence of smallpox in America is solely due to the continued practice of vaccination."

Officers of the congress and the next meeting place will be selected in February at a meeting in Philadelphia.

"Vivisection in the hands of those without sympathy will always be abused, will always be what it is today—largely a pastime and a hobby," said Prof. J. Howard Moore of the Crane Technical high school, Chicago, in addressing the congress.

"If I were making a world and could arrange it as I wanted to," said Prof. Moore, "only humanitarians would be allowed to practice vivisection. Only those would be allowed to practice it who would be as economical in inflicting pain on others as they would be inflicting it on themselves.

"Any one who has ever associated with dogs or monkeys long enough and intimately enough really to know them knows that they compare very favorably with human beings in their powers of feeling and in their ability to get out of life what little there is in it. Dogs die from grief when separated from those they love about as often as human beings do, if not oftener."

U. S. SHIP DISABLED AT SEA

Battleship Vermont Damaged While on Way Home From Cruise in the Mediterranean.

Washington, Dec. 15.—With her starboard main shaft broken and several of her compartments flooded, the battleship Vermont is limping toward Hampton Roads on her return from the Mediterranean cruise under convoy of the battleship Delaware and the colliers Orion and Jason.

A radiogram to the navy department on Friday from Rear Admiral Charles E. Badger, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, describing the accident, said there was no cause for alarm.

The Vermont made to Hampton Roads under her port engine, making eight knots in comparatively smooth sea.

BRIDE STABS HER HUSBAND

Plunges Knife Into Back, Saying He Is Untrue, and Then Drinks Poison.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 15.—Mrs. Jessie Mealy, a handsome young bride of two months, plunged a butcher knife into her husband's breast and then swallowed two ounces of carbolic acid, dying almost instantly. Mealy is not expected to recover.

Mrs. Mealy accused her husband of being too friendly with another woman.

Postmaster Commits Suicide.

Corning, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Just as a postal inspector began examining the books of the post office at Cameron Mills, Steuben county, James A Smith, the postmaster, shot and killed himself.

$75,000 Fire at Vienna, S. D.

Vienna, S. D., Dec. 16.—Seven store buildings in this village, all those on the north side of the main street, were destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. The loss is estimated at $75,000.

VILLA IS DICTATOR

TELLS FOREIGN CONSULS IN CHIHUAHUA THAT THEY MUST OBEY HIS ORDERS.

REBEL WARNS GERMAN ENVOY

Threatens to Chase Him Across the Border—Wealthy Mexican's Son Held Hostage—Federals Are Victors at Tampico.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 16.—Americans, Germans and Spaniards, who arrived on Sunday from Chihuahua, Mexico, report that Francisco Villa, the rebel leader, virtually had constituted himself dictator there and that he refused to heed the requests of representatives of foreign governments.

Villa sent word on Sunday to the federal commander, who had retaken Torreon from the rebels, that if he marched on Chihuahua Luis Terrazas, Jr., son of Gen. Luis Terrazas, the wealthiest Mexican would be executed.

Telegrams were sent to Washington on Sunday night asking that the United States protest against such execution. Villa first demanded $3,000,000 from the Terrazas family, but has changed the demand to one that Chihuahua be immune from attack. General Terrazas has appealed to the United States government to prevent the execution of his son.

Foreigners who left Chihuahua and came here add that the rebel leader had seized $5,000,000 worth of property belonging to foreigners, had put to death about twenty Mexican civilians, including Sergeio Sanchez, a lawyer and former state official, and had commanded the American, German and British consuls to obey his orders.

Otto Kueck, the German consul, protested to Villa against the exaction of tribute from Germans. Villa threatened Kueck, saying the latter would be escorted to the border if he persisted in his protest. A store in which Kueck was interested was required to pay $30,000.

All homes and property of the expelled Spaniards were appropriated to the personal use of the rebels.

"Villa's attitude toward the consuls was hostile," said a German clothing merchant. "The German colony went to Mr. Kueck for protection. Mr. Kueck went to Villa with a protest. Villa said, 'I cannot shoot you, but I can escort you to the border.' Kueck replied he would remain in Chihuahua as long as a German citizen was there."

Washington, Dec. 16.—After four days of fierce fighting the Mexican federal garrison at the seaport of Tampico, reinforced by the arrival of gunboats with troops, ... and dynamite, has driven ... attacking constitutionalists out of range of their guns.

With the cessation of hostilities medical officers from the United States gunboat Tacoma and the scout cruiser Chester are ashore in the military hospitals helping to care for more than 200 wounded.

This information was contained in dispatches from Rear Admiral Fletcher to the navy department.

On those battleships were 195 men, 166 women and 143 children. The army transports Sumner and Moro Castle arrived at Tampico to take the refugees from that port, probably to Galveston.

The Spanish ambassador here, Senor Riano, will not take up the question of the treatment of Spaniards at Chihuahua City with the state department until he is informed from Madrid of the action desired by his government. He may then be instructed to make some sort of representations to this government.

Vera Cruz, Dec. 16.—The transfer of American refugees to the battleships during the incessant fighting at Tampico was attended with considerable difficulty. Rear Admiral Fletcher's temporary flagship, the Tacoma, was run alongside the customs dock. The scout cruiser Chester proceeded one mile below.

The admiral gave orders that all Americans should withdraw from the city.

Many of the women were seasick during the transfer to the battleships, and the bluejackets were busy caring for the invalids and babies. All that they saved was their hand baggage.

Mexico City, Dec. 16.—The rebels have failed in their attack on Tampico and have withdrawn some distance from the city. According to the federal report 800 rebels were killed.

Replying to a letter sent him by the correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung, President Huerta said that if it should become necessary he could put into service immediately more than 1,000,000 armed men, recruited from all sources.

Seidel Again Seeks Office.

Milwaukee, Dec. 16.—Emil Seidel, first Socialist mayor here, will again lead Social-Democratic forces in the coming election. The entire Socialist ticket that was in office has been nominated by referendum.

Noted Scientist Is Dead.

Chicago, Dec. 15.—Dr. Carl H. von Klein, aged seventy-two, descendant of a titled German family, graduate of Heidelberg university and who once spent a fortune in medical and archaeological research, died here.

Railroad Man Jailed for Wreck.

Middletown, Conn., Dec. 15.—On a plea of guilty Arthur T. Bradley of Meriden was sentenced to jail for three months for manslaughter. Bradley was pilot of a trolley car. It ran into a passenger train.

SIZE OF ...

Horses Are N...

Writer Finds ... Capacity Re... the "Ind... An...

It has long ... that there is ... ship between ... and intelligen...; tween brain ... but both of ... cated in a va... Synder in Co... example, ther... between the ... so brain and the ... that, for exa... that lives or ... whale, has ... lest brain. ... be-

There is a ... in-tween what "is" is dex and intelligence, simply the weighty, by the weight and the higher ... the mal know... that same way ... ted" a deeply ... as a brain, as ... both much hig... com-brain. T... or a pared wi... little Newton, ... le to furrowed ... mere judge an... rind. inspection ... eater

And thi... posed. value than ... the Thus it ... heavy brains of ... owed. and also ... of the For exam...ns, is larger he... that of very com... even the chim... other the large... higher hand, it ... than apes sto... to be-horses. The El-lieve tha... which berfeld ... such apparent... grade of things ... er than intelligen... any ape...

As a ... x of in-telligence ... made to estim... e brain rind, or ... measure not mer... thick-ness as ... e accur-ate that ... parisons surface ... ly very made pu... know of well

This, for example, it has found that this cortex volume ... ourang is about five times g... than that of the little cebus mo... and in turn, the volume of the h... cortex is, roughly speaking, abou... times as great as that of the ou... But more attentive study, ne... that with the microscope, has re... another and even more strikin... curious difference—that is, cell d...

Every one knows, of course, the brain and the nervous syste... the body itself, are made up ... croscopic units, which were very ... and very badly named "cells." ... it is apparently the richness ... which most determines the gr... brain. Thus, for example, in ... millimeter of cortical subst... brain stuff—in the lower ma... like the kangaroo and anteater... are only from 5,000 to 10,000 ... and this is true even of the b... ruminants, like our cattle, a... the elephant and the whale. ... stage higher stand the carnivo... especially beasts of prey, th... tigers and again the seals. ... density of a cubic millimete... from 15,000 to 25,000 cells. S... er stand the rodents, squirr... the like, and the apes, wh... density may be as high as ... 50,000 a cubic millimeter.

Higher than any, it is a li... suring in these disturbing ... lusioning days to know, sta... Here the cell density, as we... face and thickness of the co... great that, whereas the o... only about one thousand mi... in its brain, human beings a... times this, and, of course, ... tional individuals the numb... higher.

The number seems quite ... No human being ever saw ... mass 1,000,000 people. Bu... at least 1,500,000,000 on ... the human brain has from ... times as many individual ... there are people on earth.

Doubts Existence of ...

In A. Henry Savage L... book he discredits the ... Atlantis, the island-contin... supposed to have occupi... the sea that now separa... from America, and to ha... merged in a great earth... first account of the existe... tis comes from Plato, w... story as a tradition ex... day, but there are still ... who cherish the belief.

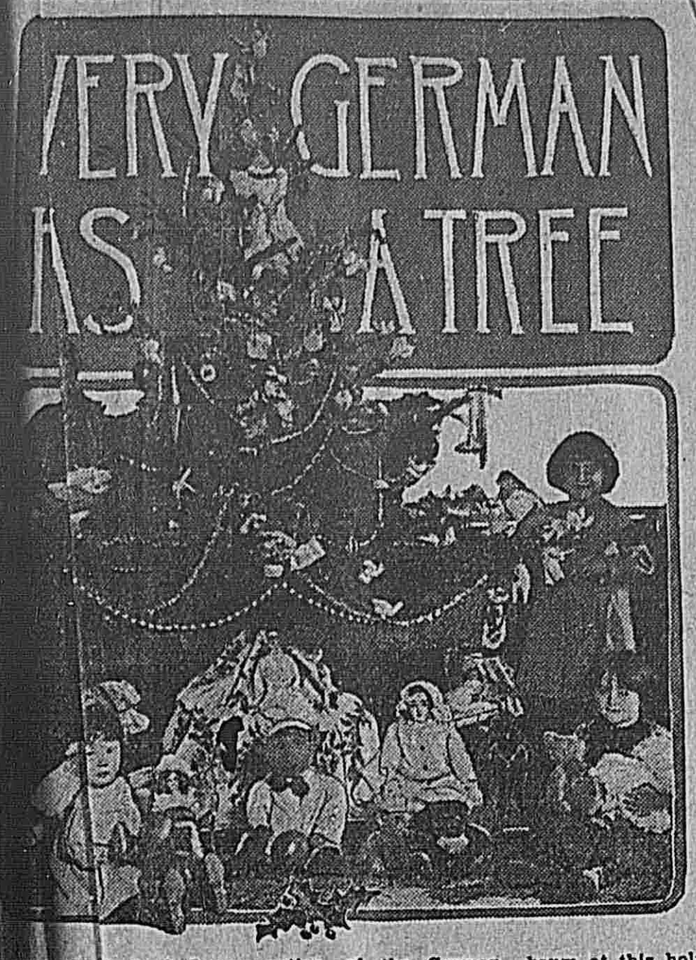
Thought It Was a Curt...

"Did you give this ... degree?" asked the poli...

"Yes. We browbeat ... him with every questi... think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and me... now and then: 'Yes, m... perfectly right!'"



The Anglo-Saxon notion of the German Christmas is drawn from childhood hours spent over Hans Andersen and Grimm, and the sight of a Christmas tree brings to mind the woodcutter tramping home through the snow-laden forest, trailing behind him the fir tree for his family Christmas celebration, while, in the towns, the thick quadrangle of the venerable marketplace is picked out in lights blazing on the trees in the windows of the gabled houses.

Some 50 years ago, before the German giant had wakened from the sleep of centuries, this idea of the peaceful German Christmas was correct. But of one of the marchers of old Berlin, returning from making his Christmas purchases on Christmas eve, were to be transplanted to the roaring hub of empire which his Haupstadt has become, the good man would probably expire on the spot. Fifty years ago, when Berlin was a dirty, unpretentious, provincial town, with ill-lighted, ill-paved streets, with a population renowned even in those days for its surly manners and uncouthness, and with the iron heel of militarism unchecked over it all, the Christmas festival was the tranquil celebration of which one has read. In the Lustgarten, before the castle, a Christmas fair was annually established which the king and royal family came to visit to buy jumping jacks and gingerbread. In the palace Christmas trees, like any other German, the Lustgarten fair has passed away, the palace has become German emperor, Berlin has become [illegible] all that remains [illegible] is the spirit of Christmas, that still holds sway, and rests concealed in the branches of the myriads of Christmas trees which rich and poor alike set up in their homes on the eve of the feast.

Otherwise the old German simplicity has vanished. In the house of the rich merchant electric lights take the place of the "Christ candles," the motor car or the steam yacht which he gives his son as a Christmas present can find no place under the Christmas tree, as did the modest comforter, the handful of gingerbread, or the skates in the day of his father. Caruso or Destinn on the gramophone take the place of the Christmas hymns used to be sung as an act of pious reverence to the Christkindlein, or perhaps the horrible Struwwelpeter, the tree is fastened to a clock-work contrivance which, on being wound up revolves to the tune sung out by a music box. The bulging sugar shops with gingerbread gilt angels stuck on them, diamond-paned windows have vanished, and are taken by shops of the same style with a magnificence as [illegible]. From the beginning of December till the feast they devote a considerable portion of their space to Christmas bazars, where one's self can be transported to Toyland. Here are set pieces with electric trams, airships, trains careering about amid wonderful mountain scenery ravishing visions; of fair [illegible] army corps on army corps of the most [illegible] that ever manned a fort. The air is [illegible] with the cacophony of noise emitted by [illegible] the atmosphere reeks with the smell [illegible] that peculiar pungent odor of the [illegible] back to the old fogies the mysterious birthday table.

[illegible] every German must have his [illegible] when one passes through the streets [illegible] eve—the sparkling frost and snowy [illegible] artist rarely put in an appearance [illegible] has the curious feeling of being in [illegible] of people all engaged in doing the [illegible] imagine the traveler, looking on the [illegible] Medans laboriously threading their [illegible] of Mecca to win the title of Hadji, [illegible] with similar emotions. For when I [illegible] is literally [illegible]. The streets of [illegible] ve for the cars and omnibuses and [illegible] policeman, and from behind the [illegible] the candles on the Christmas trees, [illegible] e beams into the darkness of the [illegible] to the shepherds nearly two thou-

[illegible] baum at this holy season of the year. In the German colonies, under a tropical sun, where the cactus must perforce replace the native fir, Christmas celebrations are held and the same songs sung as at home im lieben Vaterland.

Naturally, when all Germany's children are celebrating, her model family leads the way. At the imperial court Christmas is celebrated in exactly the same way as in every other household throughout the empire. Two especially fine specimens of fir are selected by the royal foresters for the emperor and empress, and other trees in diminishing sizes for the numerous other members of the emperor's immediate family, that is, his six sons and one daughter, the wives of his three married sons, and his two grandsons, the latter being favored with proportionally tiny trees. The whole number are set up in the shell hall of the new palace at Potsdam, where the kaiser always spends Christmas, and the various gifts, about which the same secrecy is observed as in the families of the bourgeois, are disposed at the foot of each separate tree. But before the imperial family celebrates the feast, the emperor and empress attend the "Bescherung," or presentation of gifts to the members of the imperial household, valets-de-chambre, personal attendants, lackeys, and footmen.

On the afternoon of Christmas eve the emperor, accompanied by an adjutant whose pockets are stuffed with newly-minted five, three, and two mark pieces, takes the traditional walk through the park of the new palace and distributes money to the beggars who rally in great force [illegible] kind word or a cordial greeting [illegible] get the guard at the [illegible] He has a k[illegible] does he forget [illegible] gates of the palace.

HELPING SANTA CLAUS.

Within a few years there have been organized several associations whose purpose it is to assist parents, especially mothers, in the proper development of their children. Some of these associations look to physical development, others to mental and moral, and still others to both. In a little book prepared by an association of the last named class, the writer recently found this statement: "Parents are as much responsible for the selfishness of their children as they are for their existence." This rather emphatic statement led to quite a discussion of the matter with the mother of several children, who told the writer that she had been engaged ever since her first born in combatting selfishness and developing generous impulses in her children. In relating her experiences she told this little story:

"At this season of the year my children got into the habit of expressing their desires for particular Christmas gifts. I did not tell them that if they would be good boys and girls they would receive these gifts, rather tried to impress upon them the idea that if they did not ask for more than they should receive, that is, were not selfish, they might get them. With this admonition I coupled the idea that Santa Claus needed help, especially in reaching the poor, the sick and the unfortunate. I told my children to help Santa Claus all they could, and every year they have managed to discover some poor child or some sick or unfortunate boy or girl for whom they have provided gifts. In thus helping Santa Claus they have found so much pleasure that they have quite forgotten their own desires beyond the mere expression of them. They have at least curbed their selfishness, and I think that I have led them to be generous to some extent."

In this woman's experience lies more of practical value than can be found in all the books that can be published by all the associations in christendom. She got at the root of the whole matter, and she applied the proper remedy—a remedy that did not directly curb, that did not punish, but effected by indirection the very result that she wished to bring about. How many parents are today treating the selfishness of their children in the same way? How many need to treat their children in the same way? And how many can easily begin even now by encouraging their children to help Santa Claus?

My ideal Christmas: Home, the country, snow, holly, a Christmas tree, carols and kind faces and fond hearts about you.—Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Constant Christmas

By Phillips Brooks

O H, never failing splendor,
Oh, never silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong.

Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun!

Oh, angels, sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King.

FAMOUS PAINTER AND FENCER HERE



The Baron and Baroness de Meyer have arrived in America from England and the baroness is giving in Chicago an exhibition of portraits of American women. He also has done much to stimulate the interest in gardens in this country by showing a collection of autochrome slides which he displays on the screen. The baroness Meyer is a god-child of the late King Edward of England, is one of the best-known women fencers of Great Britain, has fenced here with many women prominent in society and posed for one of the most successful paintings of Sargent.

MEXICO'S FALL FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY; OM ORDERE TO ANARCHY

Some of These W[illegible] Figures by the So[illegible] Land[illegible] Who Have Startling History Made Past Three Years—Southern Republic[illegible] d of the Montez[illegible] Apex of Its Glory on Sep[illegible] 910.

New York.—From affluence t[illegible] erty, from peace and order to a[illegible] and massacre. From one of the [illegible] nations of the world to one [illegible] semi-barbarous countries—the [illegible] been the history of Mexico in t[illegible] three years.

Mexico stood at the apex [illegible] glory on September 16, 1910, [illegible] tenary of her independence [illegible] Spain. Porfirio Diaz' governm[illegible] the only Latin-American pow[illegible] Brazil, to maintain an embass[illegible] tinguished from a legation [illegible] ington. With a population of [illegible] 000 and an area equal to th[illegible] States east of the Mississippi [illegible] out the New England states [illegible] York), she stood fifth among [illegible] and first among the silver-[illegible] nations of the world: and [illegible] share of the taxes altogether. [illegible] last oppression was especially [illegible] the northern tier of states, [illegible] Americans and other foreigners [illegible] particularly numerous, and where [illegible] exicans could look across the [illegible] to the north and see a happier

There developed a yearning for [illegible] cratic government in the far [illegible] of Mexico, which resulted in the [illegible] idacy of Francisco I. Madero, son [illegible] immensely wealthy and influen[illegible] family, for the presidency in 1910. [illegible] drew up a scheme of reform, [illegible] known as the "Plan of San Luis Po[illegible]." He was beaten in the election [illegible] was thrown into jail and probably [illegible] uld have been "shot escaping," ac[illegible] rding to the pleasant little Mexican [illegible] stom, had not his family been so in[illegible] uential. As it was, he was allowed [illegible] o go to the United States, and there [illegible] traightway organized a revolution. [illegible] His father and his many brothers supported him. The Waters-Pierce Oil company supplied the sinews of war.

Fearing that American residents in Mexico might be murdered and American investments destroyed in the conflict, President Taft mobilized an entire division at San Antonio in the spring of 1911. A brigade of three regiments was stationed at Galveston, a brigade of infantry in southern California, a squadron of battleships and cruisers at Galveston, and a smaller fleet at San Diego. Mr. Taft notified Diaz that no hostile move was intended; that the soldiers were simply on the spot to maintain order.

In April there was a fight opposite Douglas, Ariz., between federals and rebels, and stray bullets wounded five persons in the American border town. President Taft dispatched a sharp note to Diaz. Partly due to this, Diaz slipped to Vera Cruz and embarked for Europe. Senor Francisco de la Barra, who had been ambassador at Washington, became provisional president until Senor Madero was elected, on October 15, and took office. The kind of suffrage possible in Mexico under the best conditions was shown in the fact that the successful candidate received only 23,000 votes. The defeated candidate, Bernardo Reyes immediately started a revolt, but was shortly put down.

Then Madero made what many consider his fatal mistake. He refused to follow the cruel methods traditional in Mexico when rebels are caught. He sent Reyes to prison for 16 years instead of following the "law of flight," which would have resulted in a shooting under pretence of justification. He caused no political executions. As a result, disorders were continuous throughout his administration. Every where bands of robbers, masquerading as "patriots," looted, burned, blew up trains, massacred and carried off women captives. The barbarous Emiliano Zapata continued to fight in the south under some theory or other. In the north Pascual Orozco, Madero's ally, headed an insurrection and even took Juarez.



[illegible]no Zapata.

[illegible] mensely [illegible]gricultural resources were bei[illegible]tifically developed.

But M[illegible] peace and prosperity had funda[illegible] weaknesses. It was dependen[illegible]e hand of a monarch, and its [illegible] for development had come fro[illegible] nations. The United States ha[illegible]ted nearly $1,000,000,000 in M[illegible] England, $320,000,000; France, $[illegible],000, and other foreign countries [illegible]00,000. Her own citizens had [illegible]ed only $800,000,000.

Further[illegible] a group of self-seekers had gathe[illegible]bout Porfirio Diaz, the Iron Man, [illegible]s old age. They belonged to "[illegible]cientificos," and scientifically th[illegible]xtracted their percentages from [illegible]y project set on foot. The foreig[illegible]pitalists, naturally, had to transfer [illegible] burden of graft to the returns th[illegible]extracted from their businesses [illegible] Mexico, and the money finally ca[illegible]t of the pockets of the common p[illegible]e.

Then th[illegible] was the land situation. A few h[illegible]red proprietors owned practically [illegible]ery acre of the country. While the [illegible]t of living increased, as it has in [illegible]ry country of the civilized world, [illegible] great land barons [illegible]d-

Moreover, Madero, the [illegible] the dreamer, the poet, ha[illegible] able to create an organiza[illegible] right men around him. H[illegible] led in the plunder of the st[illegible] "holding up" of foreign [illegible] There was great pressure [illegible] vention by the United [illegible] president Taft was adam[illegible] northern revolutionists [illegible] progress after the United [illegible] placed an embargo on arm[illegible] munition; but the old [illegible] raised a new standard of r[illegible] the leader of Felix Diaz, [illegible] the army and nephew of P[illegible]

Madero imprisoned Diaz. [illegible] fused to follow the adage [illegible] Rome do as the Romans d[illegible] Diaz live. He sent him to [illegible] a prisoner. Consequently [illegible] soon freed in a farcical [illegible] guards firing a single voll[illegible] air. The garrison declare[illegible] But Madero sent General [illegible] against him, and Diaz was [illegible] oner again. Again he was [illegible] live, although the laws of [illegible] low a "traitor" to be put to[illegible]

Madero had put down [illegible] of the cientificos. Now can[illegible] and final one. On Febru[illegible] about half the army mu[illegible] both Reyes and Diaz were [illegible]

Reyes was killed in an [illegible] the national palace. Then [illegible] battle in the streets of Mex[illegible] was an artillery fight be[illegible] arsenal and the national [illegible] which thousands of civilians [illegible] many women and children.

Madero's principal relia[illegible] hard-bitten old soldier, Gen[illegible] Huerta. This man had earn[illegible] tation as a fighter and little [illegible] denly he turned traitor [illegible] The political bee had got in[illegible] net. Diaz thought he had [illegible] to the cientifico leader, [illegible] seemed for a time. Diaz [illegible] imprisoned Madero, his re[illegible] members of the administra[illegible] Diaz suddenly—everythin[illegible] suddenly in Mexico—disc[illegible] leader was not himself, b[illegible] He acquiesced with some [illegible] erta was proclaimed provis[illegible] dent under an agreement t[illegible]



Gen. Venustiano Carranza.

Diaz would run for president in the coming elections. This was on February 18.

Five days later came the disgraceful episode in modern history—the murder of Francisco Madero. With Senora Madero imploring in tears for his life, the kindly-disposed president and his vice-president, Suarez, were shot "trying to escape" as they were being transported across Mexico City in the early morning from the palace to the penitentiary. Huerta was accused of murder in many quarters. Several months later, to anticipate a bit, Dominquez, the lieutenant who had charge of the squad which had killed Madero and Suarez, was himself slain. "Dead men tell no tales."

More crude methods were taken to get rid of some Maderistas. The president's brother, who had been minister of finance, was slain in cold blood in his cell, his nose and ears were cut off, and his body was subjected to other indignities.

This was what led President Wilson to say in his speech at Swarthmore, Pa., "Government stained with blood cannot endure."

The question of recognition of Huerta, now undoubtedly in control of the most important port of Mexico, the de facto ruler, came up. President Taft, who was about to leave administration, naturally did not wish to establish a policy for Mr. [illegible] having no desire to embarrass [illegible] Just one week after his inauguration President Wilson issued a [illegible] which made it clear the U[illegible] would not recognize gove[illegible] assassination. On this [illegible] ever since.

Huerta had scarcely [illegible] on the throne than rebel[illegible] again, with Gen. Venusti[illegible] who had been a close [illegible] dero, in the lead. Carr[illegible] great progress, and in [illegible] trols more of Mexico th[illegible] when Porfirio Diaz abd[illegible]

The situation since h[illegible] ing more and more seri[illegible] now believe that inter[illegible] United States is the on[illegible] storing order in Mexico.

Nelson O'Shaughnessy [illegible] fairs of the American [illegible] Mexico City, has been [illegible] representative of the [illegible] tration, following the [illegible] [illegible] Wilson, [illegible] [illegible] please [illegible]

THE OUTLAW

[illegible] pearance Did [illegible] Existing [illegible]es.

[illegible]t," said the [illegible]rsonal friend[illegible]."

[illegible] you improve[illegible]e, you may [illegible]

"You need a new hat."

"Um."

"You need a new suit."

"Um."

"[illegible] need shoes. Man alive, your [illegible]e on the ground!"

"[illegible]te true," admitted Wombat, [illegible] sigh.

"[illegible]n take this week's salary and [illegible] up."

"[illegible]t squander any money on my[illegible] man. My wife is worse off [illegible]."

"How is that?"

"She needs a new feather in her hat."—Judge.

Milk for Gloves.

A simple and effective way to clean kid gloves is to draw them on the hands and go over them with a clean cloth dipped in skim milk. Wear them until quite dry. Or moisten a small sponge or piece of cloth in skim milk, rub it on a cake of castile soap and with this sponge the gloves until they are quite clean. Wear until they are dry.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

County Superintendent Simpson was here last week.

Paul Avery and F. M. Hamlin were in Chicago Monday.

C. B. Hamlin and family spent Sunday in Grayslake.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keller were Chicago shoppers Monday.

D. R. Manzer was at the county seat on business Wednesday.

Mesdames. Nadr. Mathews, Hamlin, Apple took in the sights of Burlington one day last week.

The Royal Neighbors held a work meeting at the home of Mrs. Fred Hamlin last Thursday.

Christmas exercises will be held in the church here on Christmas eve, also entertainment and tree furnished the Sunday School.

Mr. Leseman, the District Superintendent preached a splendid sermon to an appreciative congregation Sunday.

A couple of darkies visited town one evening last week, and created a bit of excitement for a while, but it all turned out well. Try again.

A new cottage is being built on the Fox Line right of way south of the depot for the accommodation of the section foreman. The work will be pushed.

The Lake Villa friends of George Bell will be sorry to learn of his serious illness at a hospital in Chicago, following an operation for appendicitis, complicated by an attack of pneumonia.

A number of our business men were in Waukegan Saturday, attending the supervisors meeting. We are glad to report that the State road will be built from Grand Avenue in Waukegan west to Grayslake, and perhaps on to Pistakee Bay, there to connect with the road to advocate. Work will be commenced out by the first of May. The material to be hauled was designed to be sympathy for re- and work to be tendencies of Jesse in Phil-

[illegible] himself was not [illegible]ers, but he made it [illegible]ciates that he felt keenly [illegible]sques on members of his cabinet. Secretary Daniels and Secretary Garrison shared the pre dent's feeling in the matter.

Secretary Daniels said that he left the dinner immediately after making his speech in order to keep another engagement, and that the song "Damn Damn, Damn the Insurrectos" was partic[illegible]ive to him.

SILVER LAKE

Mrs Crane and son are visiting here.

Ben Nett was in the village one day recently.

Miss Elsie Wendt has returned to Woodstock.

Milton Bluim is spending several days in Chicago.

Miss Mayme Mathews was a Burlington visitor Wednesday.

Miss Mary Gallagher of Chicago was a visitor here Thursday.

Last Week.

Miss Viola [illegible] spending some-

MILLBURN

A. K. Bain and family spent Sunday at Grayslake.

Miss Foote returned home Friday from Minnesota.

Mr and Mrs. Warren Marselis have returned to North Bend, Neb

Miss Florence Anderson and friend of Lake Forest spent Sunday here.

Dr. and Mrs. Achen of Kenosha, visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

L. J. Slocum and family of Bristol, spent Wednesday at the home of Peter Strang.

There will be a Christmas entertainment by the Sunday school Tuesday evening, Dec. 23.

Rev. Safford and Miss Foote's classes gave a party Friday evening at the home of Victor Strang.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. White went to Templeton, Wis., via auto to attend the 60th wedding anniversary of Mrs. Lloyd White's grandparents.

HICKORY

Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Worth spent Sunday at Gurnee.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollenbeck and Mrs. David Pullen spent Sunday in Waukegan.

Alfred Peterson and wife of Loon Lake spent Sunday with the home folks.

Christmas tree and exercises will be held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 23, at the church by the school and Sunday school.

On next Sunday Rev. Stixrud will preach a Christmas sermon, all are invited to Lake Shore Sunday School at [illegible] spikes had been [illegible] rails. The company [illegible] reward of $1,000 for [illegible] person tampering with [illegible]

Attached to train No. [illegible] private car of the new [illegible] dent of the New Y[illegible] Alfred H. Smith [illegible] visit to Waukee[illegible] and a McHenry turn[illegible] commenced soon, [illegible] from Lake Villa started from here to

Notes

Hickory Church [illegible]

SUNDAY SE[illegible]

1:45 p. m. Sunda[illegible]

2:30 p. m. Preac[illegible] Sunday school [illegible] Christmas service and [illegible] Sunday. Topic of next [illegible] Earth Good Will to on[illegible] is cordially invited. ody

Th[illegible] basket social w[illegible] The program was firs[illegible] Antioch and Eunice [illegible] of all hearts by their [illegible]tions. Eunice Hill is a reader. The proceeds [illegible] will be divided between [illegible] and Cemetery Society [illegible] repairing of the church.

The Sunday School will [illegible] mas tree and entertai[illegible] church Tuesday evening, [illegible] Bring your presents to the [illegible] Nicholas will be there.

Phone 333 A. [illegible]

RUSSELL

Last Week

William Melville is entertaining [illegible] brother.

Wm. Oliver and family have [illegible] to Waukegan.

The bazaar was a success, proceeds amounting to $76.

H. F. Siver is suffering with blood poison in his face.

Many expect to attend the entertainments at North Prairie during the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Murray of Kenosha are the proud parents of a baby boy born December 4.

The funeral of Mrs. Henry Melville was held at the church here Tuesday, Mrs. Melville was once a settler in this vicinity but has spent the last few years with her son in Kentucky with burial in Oak Dale cemetery.

New Year's in the Far East.

In Japan the New Year is welcomed with far more energy than in this country. Let a man's energy be ever so defective, he is expected to rise at 4 a. m. and don new clothes to meet the auspicious morning. Then, with his gala garments in due order, he worships the gods, performs obeisance to the spirits of his ancestors, and pays homage to all relations older than himself. No ordinary viands are consumed at breakfast. The tea must be made from water drawn from the well as the first ray of the New Year's sun strikes it. On every table figures a red lacquer tray, covered with evergreen leaves, and supporting a rice dumpling, a lobster, oranges, persimmons, chestnuts, dried sardines and herring root; all these dishes possessing an allegorical signification. This meal is the start of the festivities, which are continued for 16 days, business being almost entirely suspended for the first week of the year.

WHY WE TILL THE SOIL.

(The Fruit Belt, Grand Rapids, Mich.)

The Nature of Soil.

What is the soil? We walk on it, and cultivate it, harvest our crops from it, add plantfood to it, wash it from our hands and in short come in contact with it almost every hour of our lives in some way or other. The question seems almost too simple for consideration and yet, on analysis, the answers not so easy to give after all. Our article in the July number of the Fruit Belt, we told something of the formation of the soil as the story is revealed in the rocks and soils of the present time.

In the foregoing article we outlined briefly the actions of the different agencies of Nature which are continually breaking down the rocks and forming that covering of the earth which we call soil. Soil, then, is broken down rock, or at least broken rock is the basis of soil formation. It is more than broken rock; it is that with organic matter added to it. Now the organic matter comes from decayed plant life. In ages past abundant vegetation covered the surface of this earth as it does at present. The growing plants of whatever kind utilized their share of its growth as plants do now. They fell and decayed and in decay formed what we know as organic matter or humus. Thus to broken particles of rock there was added vegetable material from the source just mentioned.

Let it be noted that our ideas of the soil have changed very materially within the last five or ten years, where formerly we looked upon the soil as a great inert mass, later science has revealed it to be a living, organic mass of life. Living matter in the soil and in this organic matter in the soil and absorbing its plant food from the decaying organic matter are millions of minute forms of life known as bacteria. Under proper conditions these bacteria thrive and do their beneficial work. Under improper conditions, destructive bacteria thrive and actually help to dissipate the plantfood which otherwise would be available to growing crops.

Besides the foregoing, the soil which we walk upon and work contains a large amount of absorbed plantfood. Of course when we mention plantfood we refer to the essential elements of plantfood namely, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. If the soil contains nutrient organic matter, as we have mentioned before, these elements must first become dissolved in the water of the soil or in the plant roots. That which is not taken up by the plant is absorbed by the organic matter and is held ready for use when the plant shall feed upon it. Italian Paris soil is a living, quarry. [illegible]en down rock. [illegible]oth and the Italian [illegible]ganisms [illegible] Without sympathy [illegible] abused, will always be [illegible] day—largely a pastime and a h[illegible] said Prof. J. Howard Moore of the Crane Technical high school, Chicago, in addressing the co[illegible] [illegible]nalists out of range of their [illegible] With the cess[illegible] medical officers f[illegible] boat Tacoma [illegible] Tha[illegible], for example, it has [illegible] that this cortex volume [illegible] about five [illegible]

police. [illegible] stole," said the man, [illegible] the thefts which [illegible] the crops which [illegible] In brief then, the soil is a changing mass of broken rock, organic matter, living organisms, and plantfood held ready for the growing crops.

The Reasons for Tillage.

(1) To exterminate weeds.

(2) To conserve the moisture of the soil.

(3) To help the air circulate in it.

(4) To modify the size of the soil particles.

All these and some other benefits can be derived from a judicious stirring of the soil at the proper time. If the farmer leaves his unplowed fields untouched in spring, the soil which has been compacted by the rains of winter and spring have their regular moisture tubes thoroughly connected so that the moisture comes up from the great storehouse deep in the soil and is dissipated or lost by evaporation from the soil surface. The farmer who is most wideawake to the welfare of his crops gets upon this soil, be it fall-plowed soil or untouched land, just as soon as the ground is dry enough to bear his team and stirs the surface with a cultivator or a harrow. In this way a mulch is produced, which breaks up the water connection with the surface, and prevents this by waste of soil moisture.

Like every good practice, of course, tillage can be carried to a harmful extreme. For instance: Too deep a stirring in the spring breaks up the connections below the roots of the tiny plants feeding. Such a condition, of course, absolutely starves the growing plant because the great mobile supply from below cannot come to the place where the tiny roots hold upon it. Then, too, a very deep stirring of the soil in summer makes it possible for too much air to circulate within the cultivated soil, the result that too much of the moisture is robbed by unnecessary evaporation.

A deep stirring of the soil, between cultivated crops such as corn and potatoes, after the root systems have become well established, prunes off too many of the feeding roots of these plants. By this, but the pernicious practice of cultivating corn late in the growing season, and allowing the shovels to tear off the brace roots actually weakens the standing qualities of the corn so that a small windstorm may blow it down. Plowing the soil to a necessary depth also has a very detrimental effect upon the fertility thereof. By extremely deep plowing, a layer of inert soil or dead material is brought up on top where the tiny plants does its first feeding. Necessarily this soil which has never been exposed to the weather within the history of man at least, is not in shape for plants to make use of it. As a consequence, instead of the farmer's fields being more fertile on account of the deep tillage he has given it, he finds the soil is actually less fertile than neighboring fields which have not been tilled nearly so deeply.

FIRE and TORNADO INSURANCE

When your Policy expires, or you need additionl Insurance, let

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Figure With You

At The News Office

Christmas Banks For Children

In order to help the children acquire the savings habit, a habit which will help them in later life, we will supply a nickel-plated CHRISTMAS SAVINGS BANK packed in a neat HOLLY BOX to anyone opening a savings account.

You may begin with a dollar or more. The young ster who finds a bank book in his stocking on Christmas Morning showing that an account has been opened in his name by some thoughtful relative or friend, will take pride in it and it will begin to teach him how to save his pennies and how rapidly they will grow to dollars if put in One of Our Banks

Get One Today For Your Boy or Girl or Se a Dollar to Open an Account and we Will Mail Ba

Lake Villa Trust & Savings Bank

Project Amer[illegible] Hitchcock by Vote 40 to 35.

Washington, Dec. 17.—By a vote of 40 to 35 the senate on Monday defeated the first attempt to alter the administration currency bill as framed by the Democratic caucus. The vote was to the table the first amendment proposed by Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, which would have fixed the number of regional banks in the new system at four and would have made the regional banks publicly owned institutions. With the exception of Senator Hitchcock the Democrats voted solidly for the adminstration bill and supported Senator Owen's resolution to [illegible] the Hitchcock amendment. Senator Lindexter, listed as a Progressive, voted with the Democrats. The Republicans voted solidly for the Hitchcock amendment.

Holland Agrees to Pact

Washington, Dec. 17.—Secretary announced that Holland has agreed to enter into a "peace pact" with the United States, a treaty already in force between the United States and Latin-American republics.

"Sun Cult" Chief to Prison

Chicago, Dec. 17.—Hannah Klein, "master" of the Mazdazan sun cult, was sentenced to six months in the county jail and a fine of $2,500 for violating federal laws prohibiting the sending of obscene literature by mail.

Resolutions.

[illegible]okes shades of the [illegible] of the past. Ah! [illegible]ht have beens" are a [illegible]tal annoyance. But, [illegible] deter us from again[illegible]od resolutions. Make [illegible]eans, and having made [illegible]ick to them, and when [illegible] make its exit our good [illegible] will not have evolved [illegible] into these fatal good in-

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NTIOCH NEWS

OLIDAY EDITION

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913



HOLIDAY GREETING

AT this time of the year you are generally of an undecided turn of mind as to just the right thing to buy for your Christmas remembrances to your family and friends. A visit to Hillebrand's store and a short time spent in looking over their stock can not fail to give you the needed suggestions. Never before have the people of Antioch and vicinity had such a varied selection placed at their disposal. We have an unlimited supply of suitable gifts for all. Come early for the best choice.

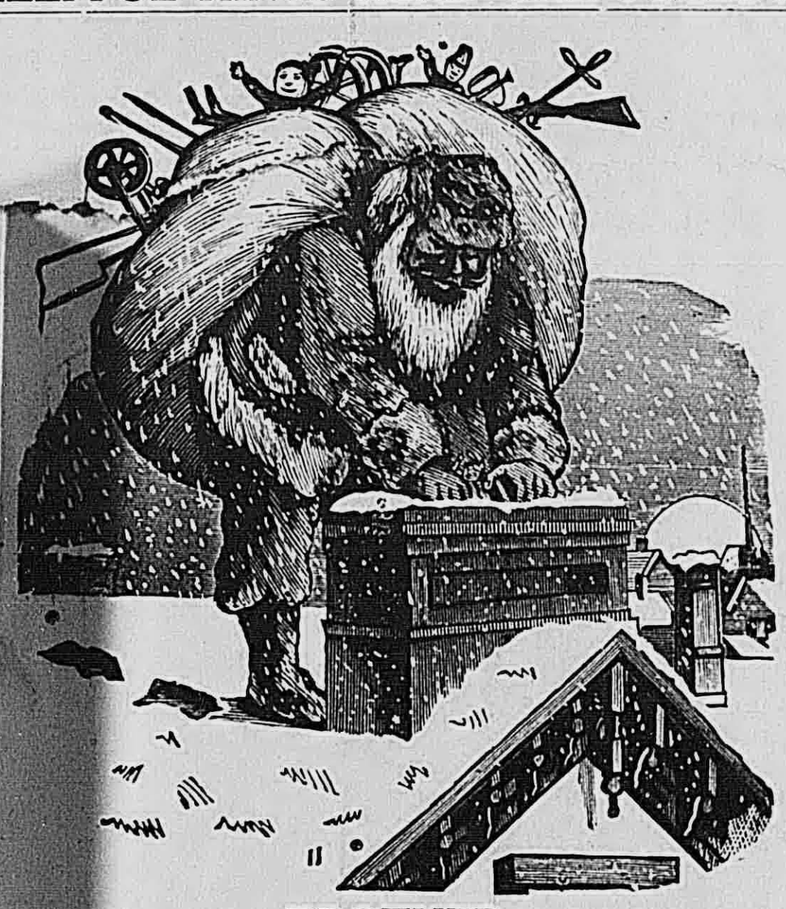
No Need to go Out-of-Town For Furs

We have plenty, also coats of all kinds, for lads' and children. Fancy stamped goods, many designs to choose from.

FOR HELPFUL HINTS READ THE FOLLOWING:

FATHER

Umbrellas
Sweaters
Kid Gloves
Hose
Rain Coats
Cigars
Pipes
Tobacco
Fountain Pens
All Kinds of
Gloves, Mittens
and Caps



SISTER

Silk Petticoat
Furs
Coats
Mesh Bags
Hand Bags
Back Combs
Barettes
Neck Wear

BROTHER

Sweater
Cigars
Pipes
Gloves
Mittens
Mufflers
Sleds
Books

OTHER

Tablinens
Handkerchiefs
Kidgloves
Dress Patterns
Waists
Skirts
Coats
Jackets
Cadet Sweaters
Silk Hose
Many Kinds of
Dress Goods

BABY

Bootees
Sacques
Rattles
Knitgoods
Knitjackets
Togs
Bears
Blocks

WILLIAM HILLEBRAND

CHRISTMAS GREETING

1913 1913

HOLIDAYS
AT THE
Antioch Department Store

In the Various Departments

We have many BARGAINS in USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES.

We wish to thank our many friends among the home people as well as our Chicago summer visitors for one of the largest year's business of the more than forty years it has been our pleasure to be with you.

We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous Year.

Suggestions For Family Gifts

FATHER

Umbrella
Half Hose
Handkerchiefs
Sweaters
Pajamas, or Gowns
Kid Gloves and Mittens
Soft Leather Slippers
Pair of Brushes in Leather Case
Traveling Bag

MOTHER

Bissel's Carpet Sweeper
Table Linens
Blankets
Bed Spreads
Kid Gloves
Umbrella
Hosiery
Fancy Linens

SISTER

Silk Hose
Handkerchiefs
Silk Petticoats
Silk Umbrella
Kid Gloves
Muslin Underwear
Mesh Bag
Leather Bag
Sweater

BROTHER

Sweater
Half Hose
Kid Gloves
Handerchiefs
Umbrella
Pajamas
Traveling Bag
Suit Case
Jewelry Novelties
Card Case

FRIEND

Umbrella
Kid Gloves
Handkerchiefs
Silk Hose
Mesh Bag
Pin Seal Bag
Sweater
Traveling Bag
Fancy Neckwear

INFANTS

Hand Made Dresses
Hand Embroidered Bibs
Knit Jackets
Knit Bootees
Knit Hoods
Beauty Pins
Silk and Wool Hose

WILLIAMS BROS.



A Christmas Sale of Suits, of Coats, of Dresses, Gowns, No Women Should Miss

Women's Suits Marked at Christmas Gift Prices. You may save many dollars on a suit bought now, for it is clearance time in the Suit Department. We have enjoyed a phenominal business in women's suits this season, so we can afford to be extra liberal, and make you a Christmas gift of a very substantial reduction on any suit you may select. The suits we offer at this sale are mostly in the loose and semi-fitted style, black and colored, handsomly trimmed, $30 values, at only **$18**

We offer for this sale a handsome line of women's and juniors' coats in black and in gray mixtures, featuring many of the most favored styles, nicely trimmed with buttons and cloth. Nearly all sizes. A $9 coat at this Christmas sale **$4.48**

A very large range of coats are offered at $12.50 for this sale in three quarter and full length, consisting of chinchilas, astrakhans, boucle and new mixtures. Some in new and popular Kimona sleeve. Real $18 values at only **$12.50**

One of our strongest lines of coats are offered special in persian, arabian lamb, boucle and others, three-quarter and full or seven-eighth length, for this Christmas Sale, genuine $20.00 coat at **$15**

There is absolutely no charge for any alteration that may be necessary. We are not satisfied unless you are perfectly satisfied.

The coat section form hands with the suit and asks every econ shopper to quick attention. Many a Christmas gift of double will be selected from this coat stock before the holidays, for we how many women have been waiting for this occasion to get a coat at less than wholesale prices. For instance, an Astrak mixture at $4.48; a Boucle, Chinchilla or Arabian Lamb at $1 many others. A large variety offered at the following price, inc boucle, astrakhan, chinchillas and mixtures in navy, dark re black, showing the new effects of the season, ornamented in a pl way with cloth, buttons and braids, all sizes, $12 values for **$7**

Our special $22.50 suits at a great sacrifice. This lot consists of a beautiful line of ladies' and misses' suits, in black and colors, perfectly draped coats and skirts, beautifully lined with Skinner satin, cut-away or straight coat. Your choice of this lot at - - - **$15**

This lot consists of our very suits, made up in beauti full cloth cheviots, serges and broca erials, shiinner satin lined; attra trimmed with braid, velvet an tons; all sizes; our $30.00 suits, at only - - -

THERE WILL BE NO SUCH VALUES AGAIN THIS YE

This lot consists of all of our $15.00 Suits for ladies and misses, and includes some very unusual styles, made up of broadclothes, cheviots, serges and worsteds; perfect fitting, well trimmed; colors are blue, brown, maroon and black; all sizes your choice at **$7.48**

Our $18.00 suits are included lot, handsomely tailored ga in French serges, worsteds, c in black and colors; man trimming effect shown: son skinner satin lined skirts show unusual drape effects; all sizes To reduce the suit stock, only

SHOES

Women's Shoes---Appropriate and Timely Gifts

Our women's shoes are too well known for their sterling quality and style to require extended comment here. We incidentally mention them to freshen your memory, when checking up the list of things you wish to purchase for Christmas gifts. Exceptional values at from $1.00 to $5.00. A few bargains mentioned below:

Black velvet button shoes, hand turned and welt, high or low heel. A very easy walking shoe, sold regularly at $3.50, Christmas sale price **2.85**

Patent, satin and velvet pumps, hand turned sole, we show at this price the snappiest line in the city. High or low heel, $3.50 values, at **2.45**

Boy's and girls school shoes, gun-metal leather in button style. A snappy shoe for the young folks. A regular $2 shoe, Christmas sale, **1.35**

Misses shoes in high and low top for dress and every day wear, in patent and gun-metal leather, worth $3, for **1.25**

FURS

First Among the Christmas Things Are

Fine furs are growing scacrer every year and prices are mounting higher, but we bought early and liberally, and our furs present the best values obtainable. Just consider how pleased she will be to get a handsome fur scarf, neck piece or one of those large handsome muffs on Christmas morning, with your card attached Read the following prices:

A $3.00 French Coney Muff at $1.48—As a special inducement to you to visit this section a French coney muff, satin lined, black or brown, $3 value for **$1.48**

A very handsome marmot set with large neck piece and large size muff, lined with heavy satin, very special, $12.98 value at this sale, for **$10**

A beautiful set of either mink, black fox or wolf, in beautiful scarf that is prettily trimmed with cord and tassel, heavy satin lined, the biggest bargain ever offered **$25**

Coney set at $4.85—black or brown coney set, large scarf and muff, full satin lined, scarf is cord tassel trimmed, a splendid $8 value, for this sale **$4.85**

Children's Flannette Night Gowns
—blue or pink stripe patterns, heavy weight 50c line at,
29c

Ladies Corsets
—in the new styles, good coutil material, our regular $1.00 line at,
85c

Full Length Kimonas
- of heavy flannelette in new patterns, our $1.50 line at only
79c

Children's Dresses
—light and dark colors, including plaids, values up to $2.00, to clean up,
89c

Gingham Aprons
---in stripe and check patterns, good size, our 25c line at only.
15c

A sweater for your Xmas gift

Nothing could be more welcome than a nice wool sweater. It's a gift that is sensible, useful and serviceable. We've priced them right to give all the opportunity to get one.

CHILDREN'S SWEATERS---A good, all wool quality, plain and Norfolk styles, worth $1.50, for this sale only **98c**

ALL WOOL KNIT SWEATERS---In maroon, navy and gray, good heavy weight, our $7 line, while they last **$4.48**

$5.00 SWEATERS IN 3 STYLES AT $2.98---The Norfolk and two other plain styles. It is a plain stitch; with or without storm collar, white, cardinal, navy or gray. They have sold regularly and readily at $5; for this Christmas sale we offer you yours for **$2.98**

Women's House Dresses
—a new lot just recived, all colors and sizes, big $1.50 value, at
$1.00

Women's Flannette Petticoats
—extra heavy wel stripe patterns, rea values at, only,
29c

Checker Flannel Night Gowns
—good heavy wt., trimmed at collar and cuffs, $1.50 values at, only,
$1.00

Way's Mufflers
—in tan, navy, gray, etc., the regu quality, at this sale
19c

Women's Muslin Night Gowns
---dainty embroidered, g full size, a 75c line at o
49c

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WAUKEGAN, ILL.